A MEMORIAL
WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF

1857-1921

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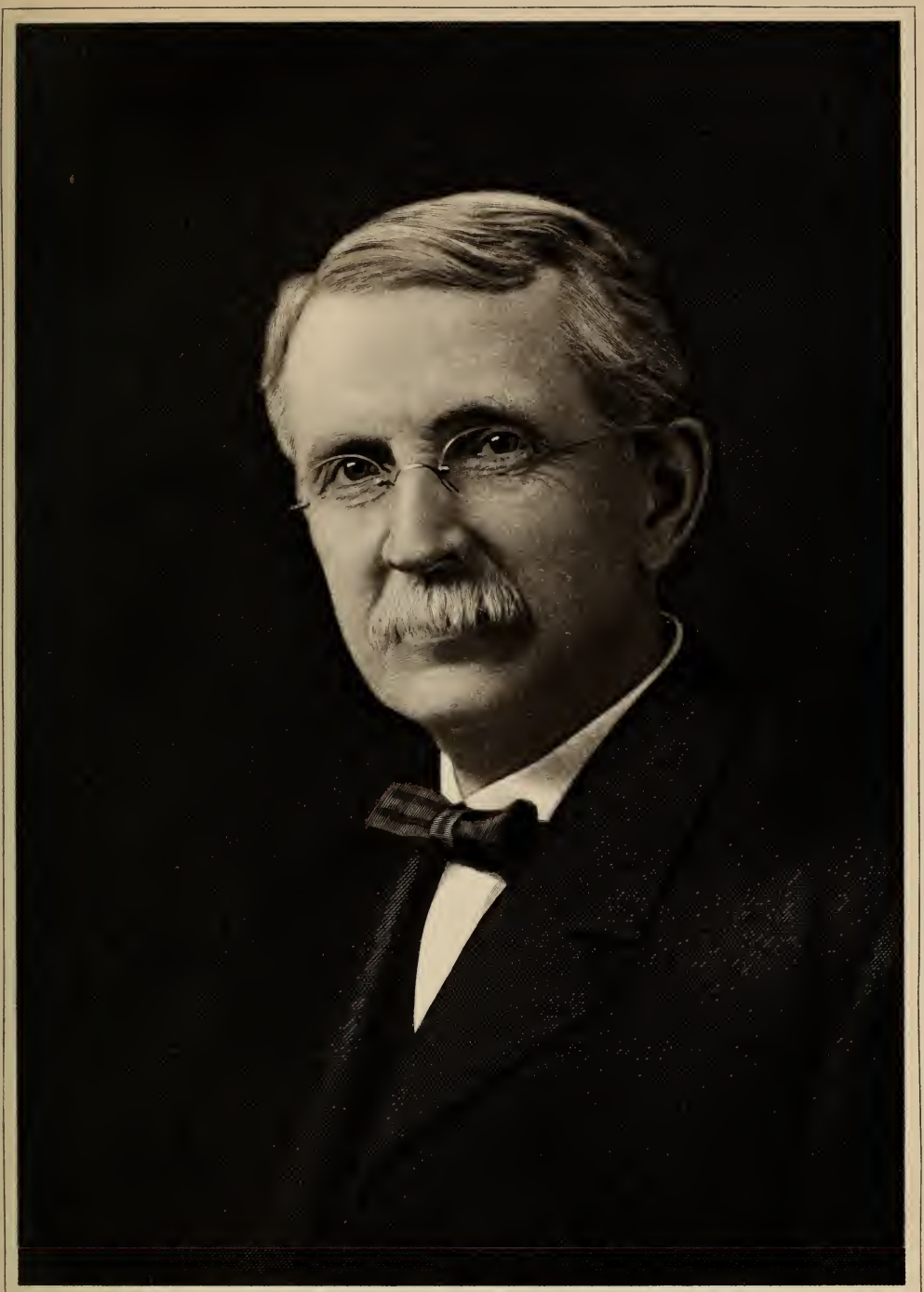

Wm. E. Hinchliff

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A Memorial

WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF

THE *Editors, in behalf of the immediate family, wish to thank all of those who wrote to us, whether their letters were used in full, in part, or not at all. We had much material and to avoid repetition we had to cut ruthlessly.*

EMERSON HINCHLIFF
Buenos Aires, Argentina
July, 1927

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THE GRANDCHILDREN

William Hugh Coverdale, Jr.	1912
Mary Coverdale	1914
Francis Warner Parker, III	1915
De Vore Hinchliff	1915-1915
Ralph Hinchliff, Jr.	1916
Jeannette Hinchliff Parker	1917
William Emerson Hinchliff	1918
Talcott Williams	1918
Harriet Hinchliff Coverdale	1920
Rockwell Hinchliff	1921
Margaret Elizabeth Williams	1922
Miles Coverdale	1923
Emerson Parker	1924
Patricia Hinchliff	1925
Mary Harriman	1925
Ralph Stephen Williams, Jr.	1926
Georganne Biddle Hinchliff	1928

Harriet Emerson Hinchliff

Foreword

THE first day of this memorial trip is cloudy. Yesterday when the Van Dyck started, it was bitterly cold, but there is sunshine in my heart, for during this visit with your Uncle Emerson and Aunt Katherine in Buenos Aires, I hope to accomplish what has been too long delayed—the compilation of a book of remembrance of William E. Hinchliff for you, his grandchildren.

When he left us six years ago, we expected to do this at once, but life has pressed so heavily upon us that there has been no time. In one way we may be glad of this delay since contributions have come within the last few days, which we would not have had at an earlier date.

Last night as I listened to the slow, reliable, dependable throb of the engine as it carried us out to sea, I realized how like to that he had been, with his marvelous spirit enlivening every hour throughout our voyage of life. I thought also of the happiness that had come into the world through his being here. That and the merit of his life have been so graphically told in the letters in this book that there seems little left for me to add. However you will need to know of his early life to appreciate these, and so I will tell you somewhat of that story.

February 6, 1927.

ACQUAINTANCE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

BY GRANDMOTHER

William Elias Hinchliff was born December 27, 1857, in the second home his Father had built in Chicago (for his family). This was on May Street near Kenzie. He was the sixth child and the second son. The first baby, Clara, had passed away in England whence his parents had come with their baby, Jeannette, by the schooner Elizabeth Ann to New York, arriving in Chicago in March, 1850. William, his father's namesake, was welcomed into a lively, energetic family. There were three sisters and a brother to help train him. Two sisters came later for him partially to supervise.

When the Civil War broke out, his Father, who was then one of Chicago's foremost mason contractors, realized that building operations would slacken for a while and purchased from the Updyke family their summer home, eighteen miles north of Chicago in South Northfield, now Glenview, which the owner had been farming by proxy. It consisted of eighty-five acres which included a fine orchard and garden. Will's earliest recollections were of this home where he flourished often as a barefoot boy. There he might have perished had a Swedish farmhand been a better shot, for the small boy scared him with a false face on Hallowe'en and the Swede thought the Devil was after him.

Will assisted in such farming activities as his age permitted and there commenced his love for horses and riding. Often he rode bareback and would take the sack of grain to the mill to be ground, go after the cows or even ride or drive to Chicago.

The Hinchliff home often entertained the student pastors who came out from Chicago to preach in the schoolhouse churches. One of these could recite with skill and appreciation, and inspired by him Will's sisters tell us that he became interested in recitations and began at once to learn and recite good poetry, largely of the narrative variety, to the great enjoyment of family and guests. He took later opportunities to improve himself and this undoubtedly had its influence in earning for him Kellogg Prize in Amherst in his Sophomore year. Later when he gave his oration on "The United States and the Ponca Indians," in speaking for the Hyde Prize commencement week, 1881, Dr. Lyman Abbott advised him to enter the ministry or political life because of his marked oratorical and literary ability.

In 1867 his Father made his first visit to England, remaining about three months, and soon after his return he moved his family back to Chicago, residing first at a cottage he had built at 46 N. Ann Street, until in 1870 he purchased the home he had built and sold nineteen years before. This was at the northwest corner of Fulton and Ann Streets. There the family were living when we were married in 1885. In 1887 Father Hinchliff built a double house that contained a home for them and one for their daughter Jeannette and her husband. At the same time he superintended the construction nearby of one of the early substantial flat buildings of that time in which we lived for three years, and where Harriet and Ralph were born. These buildings were located on Jackson Boulevard between Loomis and Laflin Streets.

But I am ahead of my story—to return to early history! After his sister Jeannette's marriage to Mr. Root, in 1871, she and her husband were left in charge of the Fulton Street home, when the Father and Mother went to England. While they were there, Will, a pupil in the Skin-

ner School, was scuffling with a school mate at noon. Will fell and broke his leg on a stone step. He got a friend to call a carriage (one version says "to go home and hitch up their horse"), and then he climbed into the carriage and rode in it over the rough streets of the Chicago of that day, to the home of the family physician, Dr. Norman F. Bridge, and brought him home to set the leg. When Will was finally around on crutches he slipped and broke the leg again, necessitating other weeks in bed. The bone did not knit quite straight and there was always a slight defect in walking. Nevertheless he often boasted that he could outwalk most of his companions in the hunting field. He was still on crutches when his parents came home, and as they had never been written about the accident, they were greatly shocked to hear him stumping on his crutches to greet them.

In 1877 he graduated from the West Chicago High School, at which time he delivered the following address at the Moody Tabernacle:

Vis si Vis

"All civilized peoples have the same maxims. This is one of the means by which philologers trace the relationships between languages and tell which have a common origin. As the legend of William Tell can be found in all European tongues, and dates its origin back thousands of years, so these maxims are equally old, equally widely disseminated, and, most of them, equally true. While many are not entirely true, most of them contain much which is true. They are exaggerated truths. Exaggerated to fix attention and compel consideration. And most of them will take considerable thinning down; but, at the same time, care must be taken not to get them too thin. They are the wisdom and experience of preceding ages condensed into a portable form. As condensed milk contains

only the nourishing principle of the extract so these bits of condensed wisdom contain only the nourishing principle of experience.

"And the same discretions apply to the use of both—they must be diluted when used. And, like the milk of human kindness, they are diluted when used.

"But we've all had enough milk and we will put in the cork.

"Let us imagine how much dilution is necessary in this instance. The Latin, of course, has its equivalent English maxim "where there's a will there's a way." The word "will" in this connection implies energy, perseverance, determination, and these in turn suggest hope, confidence, faith. But the greatest of these is determination. History repeats itself. We prejudge the future by the past. Whatever determination—will—has done determination —will—can do. By seeing what this virtue has done we can judge its possibilities.

"This determination is the predominating characteristic of the American people. Other people think we live too fast. We think they live too slow or not at all. So great is this spirit of energy and resolution among us that even foreigners, emigrated hither, become infused with it—when they are not *confused* by a different kind of spirit. It has enticed over millions of emigrants—and still there's more to follow. It has transformed the howling wilderness into a summer garden—with beer in spots and on Sundays. And has made these United States the grandest, noblest, freest land under the glorious orb of day—or night.

"But the country taken as a whole is always in the wake of the city. Whatever may be characteristic of the whole people is more so of the inhabitants of the metropolis.

"Greece was remarkable for its culture. America is for its determination.

"As Athens was the center of this culture so Chicago is the recognized center of American energy and pluck. The rapidity of her growth is unprecedented and truly wonderful. Her supremacy is a source of pride to her residents and of wonder and envy to her suburbs. Chicago, through the determination of her citizens, has built, raised (razed), in both senses of the word, and rebuilt, within the last forty years, the most splendid city in the western world. Chicago, through the determination of her citizens, is already renowned in song as Queen of the north and the west, and it is but a question of time when she will be acknowledged queen not only of the north and the east but also of the north and the east and of the world. But as the city is in the van of the country so the individual is in the van of the city. All Athens did not have the wisdom of Socrates. All Chicago has not the will power of General Grant. Our renowned ex-president, who is now conquering Europe single handed and who is doing great destruction to their supplies three times a day is a remarkable example of the force of will. Where all others had failed he triumphed completely. His own famous saying contains the secret of his success: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And "this line" was a bee line for Richmond and Peace. Vis si Vis, pure and undiluted, we propose to fight it out on this line if it takes our lives. Vis si Vis, by this sign we *will* conquer."

W. E. HINCHLIFF.

After making up a deficiency in Greek by some intensive work, he entered Amherst College. His allowance from home was supplemented by earnings he made in tutoring other students in debate and public speaking, and

his home-loving nature was satisfied in the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Leonard's family at East Hampton. There were four daughters there, friends of his sister Sarah at Wellesley College.

It is interesting to note how we met. Amherst and Wellesley are to be thanked for our meeting. We were on the same train going East to our respective colleges in September, 1878. Early one September morning a Chicago friend and I were walking for a breath of fresh air during a short halt at a railway station. We saw Mr. Chase, an Amherst student, who told us of another Chicago man on the train and later brought him through to see us. They found us in the corridor patiently waiting our turn for entrance to the small lavatory of those early days, but my unwashed face did not prevent the introduction and the hearing by me of the unusual name which was spelled and then written out for a third college girl. We spoke of him later and next year when my sister and I received letters asking us to be kind to an incoming freshman, Susan Hinchliff, I recognized the name and maybe made a little special effort because of him.

Next time we met it was in the old Union Station, Chicago, when this sister Susan sent him to meet me, as I was coming there for a visit. He was accused that very day of having fallen in love with me, because he was late to his next appointment and gave this meeting as an excuse. Be that as it may, while we saw each other very infrequently, our acquaintance progressed for we did quite a little bit of corresponding and he was a wonderful letter writer. I remember he called one day in Rockford when his sister was visiting me, but his proposal of marriage in March, 1883, when I was visiting his sister to enjoy an Amherst Glee Club Concert (a venture he helped to promote and share in the loss) was quite a surprise to me and to him also, for his inherited sense of British decorum

made him realize that it was a breach of etiquette for him to have asked me while I was visiting in their home.

When I reported to my parents that evening on my return, my father was aghast. He had just acquired me as his private secretary since my graduation at Wellesley, and intended to keep me in that position for several years. Moreover, he insisted that Englishmen were too selfish and self-centered and inconsiderate of their wives to make good husbands, and Mr. Hinchliff, with English parents, was very close to the taboo. I cited the wonderful consideration shown by Mr. Hinchliff senior to his wife with little avail; Father would wait and see. My Father's third reason was that we were not well enough acquainted for an engagement. He did not remember ever to have met the man. Mother had two or three times, and we thought he had once. I had seen him but a small portion of several days in two or three short visits with his sister.

The next Saturday he came out and made formal application. Father gave him a very thorough examination; I know for I was present, and the verdict on the whole was favorable. He admitted that we would probably marry some day, but in the meantime we were to be on probation. I must promise not to become engaged until after returning from a prospective visit in the East when absence from a new, very persuasive suitor would give me opportunity thoroughly to canvass my sentiments.

From Will's date of proposal in March he considered himself engaged and as he spent several week-ends in Rockford before I left in June, I would have consented very soon had it not been for my promise to Father. I remember when Father accused Will of being *obstinate* in his wish to win me, the rejoinder was that it depends on the point of view.

His determination and forbearance were tested sorely before the engagement culminated in marriage, for although we planned for an early wedding and even looked at an apartment, my Father put in his plea that his physician had ordered him to Europe for his health and that I was needed at home in the absence of himself and Mother. Most important of all, the first Emerson grandchild was arriving during their prospective absence and they wanted me there. We consented, and they went more carefree, with the expectation that our marriage was to occur soon after their return.

The baby arrived in March. My sister was desperately ill for months and finally our parents came home as a result of the various disquieting cablegrams. By September she was enough better, so we talked of our plans. But the great Dr. Charcot of Paris had promised my Father if he would return and place himself under the doctor's care, his health would be restored. This was what we all desired so strongly that when Father said that they not only needed my help and companionship on this journey, but they felt too, that my own health had had such a strain from my long care of Adaline that we owed it to ourselves to let me go. Will consented. The plan as outlined was that we were to sail within a *very few* weeks.

We got away in a few months really, sailing on the Adriatic in February, 1885. Will had offered to join us abroad and have our wedding there, but that plan met with all sorts of objections, so his ultimatum delivered as he said farewell to us on the boat in New York was, "If you do not return in time, so we are married this year, the enagagement is off." I did not put that threat to the test. We were back in Rockford by early November and our marriage occurred December 31.

We had mutually agreed that there had been so much travelling on my part that a wedding journey was some-

thing least desired just then, so we would postpone that episode until hunting time in August. A trip taken then to Kimball, South Dakota, was always called our honeymoon, the especially funny part being that we left Chicago on different dates. We invited his sister Susan to go with us when the date for harvest excursion rates to the Northwest was announced. Hunting was permissible several days before. Of course he must be there on time, but why pay that much more for two additional round trip tickets, so we women went later.

We visited that year the Afflecks, old English friends of the Hinchliff family. One night we spent on a farm belonging to his brother. Susan slept in the family bed with the wife in one corner of the big room of the sod house, with a tablecloth hung up as a curtain, while the father and son slept on the floor nearby. At breakfast next morning there were not enough spoons to go around, so coffee was stirred and sugar put therein with community spoons. As for ourselves we slept in an older sod house, the storage place for the wheat which had just been threshed. Some was in sacks, but most in a pile, and our carriage robe was spread on it for a bed. Those were pioneer days and only forty-two years ago.

Will's hunting was always a great joy and recreation for him and also valuable as a health restorative. He had commenced it as a young boy, when he first went out with a muzzle loader from their farm near Northfield, then later by the Des Plains river, west of Chicago, and still later in Wisconsin or the Dakotas.

One of his most noteworthy trips was when under Ed Brown's inspiration and guidance a group of men engaged a special car for two weeks and went to Oklahoma Territory for hunting. He had a wonderful time with a chance at wild turkey and deer, besides the usual quail and prairie

chicken. He came back rather critical of some of the men who had gone along to sit in the car, smoking and playing cards all the long days, expecting to live on game procured by the hunters. However, he was able to save some to bring home to us. He always thought of the enjoyment of those left behind. Once, when game was scarce in Dakota, he filled up a till of his trunk with immense mushrooms for us. Again, when game laws in Canada made bringing out chicken illegal, he happened to shoot one on the way to the station and had it cooked in the dining-car and so brought it home with considerable glee.

His saddest experience in Dakota was when he received the telegram announcing my brother Ralph's death, in a fall from a building, caused by the slipping of some firehose when he was acting as a volunteer fireman, August 25, 1889. I was spending part of the summer with our two children at Father's. Just the week before my husband visited us and urged Father to let Ralph join him on this Dakota trip. Ralph was then at Sioux Falls and could be reached by telegram. It was decided to the contrary and Saturday Ralph arrived in Rockford. Sunday afternoon he took the two babies and me in the high buggy of those days for a beautiful ride down the River Road. I remember his saying of our five months old boy, then called William, "Boys are all right, but give me girls for company," as he looked at our Harriet.

That night his spirit left his earthly body, and at the side of his casket three days later our boy was christened Ralph; thus he was chosen to carry on another family name, that of my brother, my father and my grandfather.

My brother's tragic death caused a great change for us. Father strongly urged, in fact, insisted that we move to Rockford. The other sons-in-law were professional men, Mr. Thompson a banker, Mr. Lathrop a lawyer,

while Mr. Hinchliff was a manufacturer, and Father felt he could be helpful to him. Just at that time a big pressed brick manufacturers' merger was being formed, and Mr. Hinchliff had offers for purchase of his two yards at Porter and Hobart, Indiana, and also a position with the new company. We decided in favor of Rockford and moved there in the spring of 1890.

There we welcomed our other six babies. They will tell you in their sketches something of what life with him meant. Jeannette Belle was born that year and was named after an aunt in each family. Later when our twin boys arrived, they received names selected previously for our next boys, William and Emerson. They were not analogous twins and were not similar in aspect or even disposition. William's hair and complexion were darker, his face always alert and sunny. Emerson was fair-haired, with a double crown, signifying life in two countries, his face rounder and more serious. I remember when friends exclaimed over the twins (which gave us five youngsters with the oldest not yet four and one-quarter years old), Will's response was "Babies are no novelty with us, so we had to have twins to create a sensation."

Our greatest sorrow came thirteen and one-half months later when William left us. An acute attack of lung fever brought for him a peaceful, but, for us, an agonizingly speedy end. His going helped us save his brother Emerson, whose similar illness was fought by doctors and nurses with redoubled vigilance.

To overcome the consequences of this illness for Emerson, and because our next baby, Dorothy, was delicate, Dr. Helm recommended spending four winters in the South. We did so, two in Melbourne, Florida; one in Pass Christian, Mississippi; and one in Tryon, North Carolina. This was years ago when travel was not nearly so swift and easy,

nor accommodations so palatial, but the sunshine was there and the children thrived. Only their Father suffered, for he was left at home alone with only letters and the thought of our welfare to comfort him. When it was necessary to try Florida, Pass Christian and Biloxi for the younger children in later years, he had older ones at home for company.

Thus the years passed on and as the children grew older, we could leave them in the care of others and have some delightful trips together, generally combining business and pleasure. The most noteworthy of these was in February of 1916, when we went to Buenos Aires, Argentine, to visit our son, Emerson. Your Grandfather had been honored by selection as one of six American business men chosen by Secretary of State Lansing to serve on the Financial and Commercial Committee to Paraguay and Uruguay to promote trade relations. He acted as chairman of the body and Emerson was secretary. The Commissioners had the privilege of paying their own traveling expenses and their wives were invited to accompany them. We had four marvelous days as guests of the Government of Uruguay. At the banquet given in our honor the address of welcome by Senor Pedro Cosio, the Minister of Finance, who had been in the party to the United States, was given in English, which he had been studying since his return; but Mr. Hinchliff's answer had to be spoken in our own language and then translated into Spanish.

About 1912, he commenced to experience difficulty in hearing and that trouble very gradually increased. Nothing seemed to be effective in arresting the progress of the disease, nor was it any use to try aids to hearing, so we only spoke a little louder and he enjoyed some lip-reading lessons which helped him.

This trouble became greater after his first stroke in the fall of 1916, and maybe was a providential assistance

in prolonging his life because with that infirmity he realized that he could not handicap his associates, who were carrying on the Burson Companies, by trying to keep up the burdens there, so he obeyed his doctor's orders and gave up all business cares. Then followed four years of invalidism which served only to develop all the finer traits in his character.

He was always a home-lover and the New England house built by my Rockwell ancestors in 1767 at Colebrook, Connecticut, came into our possession by purchase at just the right time. In June, 1917, after my Wellesley thirty-fifth anniversary reunion, it was ready to receive us, having been thoroughly restored. There in its health-giving atmosphere we spent four wonderful summers with visiting children and grandchildren to share and add to its joy. However, his strength was not equal to the strain of life, and the end came all too soon in our Rockford home in his dearly loved library, quickly and painlessly. He was not with us, for God took him.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

FROM

THE ROCKFORD REGISTER-GAZETTE

FEBRUARY 21, 1921

Burson "Service" Pin

"WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF, president of the Burson companies and a man of national prominence in the hosiery industry, died Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock at his home, 436 North Main Street.

"Mr. Hinchliff maintained to the last moment of his life a keen interest in the welfare of the companies of which he was president, although he had not been active in their management for several years. He was reading a letter when the end came. Death was due to paralysis, the second seizure since 1916. He had been motoring earlier in the afternoon, accompanied by his wife, Miss Mary Wright and Miss Norma Thompson.

"Private funeral services were held this afternoon at his late home. The Rev. John Gordon, pastor of Second Congregational Church, officiated and burial was in West Side cemetery. The Second Congregational church quartet sang 'Alleluia'; 'Comfort Ye My People,' and 'Now the Day is Over.'

"The body was borne to its final resting place by employees of the Burson companies of from fifteen to twenty-seven years' record in the service. They were Charles S. Anderson, the first employee of the Burson companies; Edward J. Ziock, Delos E. Prescott, William S. Parker, Samuel T. Stites, and Albert E. Buske.

"As a recognition of service the Burson companies recently had made gold service pins to be presented to all employees. On the pin is engraved the word 'Burson' and a star represents each five years' period of service. It had been hoped that Mr. Hinchliff's condition of health would permit him to present the pins. The pallbearers were presented their pins today.

"Mr. Hinchliff always looked with pride upon the record of the Burson companies of never having closed

down despite business conditions. It was the policy of the president to stock up the warehouses during a dull period rather than cease to give employment. As a result the companies have a loyal staff of employees, most of whom have been long in the service. To continue this uninterrupted service and enviable record, it was decided to stop the wheels of industry at the Burson companies only two minutes this afternoon during the funeral service of the president.

"The Burson companies and their important position in the knitting industry, the largest plants of their kind in the world, stand as a monument to Mr. Hinchliff. Through close attention to their development, the concerns will always be regarded as a memorial to him. When Mr. Hinchliff's health commenced to decline, his son, Ralph Hinchliff, was recalled from the Mexican border where he was serving with the United States troops in 1916, to assist his cousin Norman F. Thompson, Jr., in the active management of the Burson Companies.

"Mr. Hinchliff was born December 27, 1857, in Chicago, a son of William and Clemewell Collins Hinchliff, natives of Clayton West, Yorkshire, England. His parents came to the United States in 1849 and settled in Chicago. His father was a contractor and built Chicago's First Congregational church and also erected for himself the first brick residence in Chicago. He constructed the original buildings of the Elgin National Watch Company.

"The son was graduated from Amherst college with the class of 1881. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Upon leaving college his first venture into business life was as private secretary of Franklin McVeigh, of Chicago. About a year later he became president of the William E. Hinchliff Co., manufacturers of brick, with yards at Porter and Hobart, Ind. The com-

pany furnished brick for the construction of the Nelson hotel and Lincoln school of Rockford.

"Five years after his marriage to Miss Harriet Elizabeth Emerson, December 31, 1885, Mr. Hinchliff severed his other business connections to accept a position with Emerson, Talcott & Co.

"With the perfection of the Burson knitting machine and the organization of the Burson Knitting and Burson Manufacturing companies, Mr. Hinchliff was made secretary and treasurer. Following the death of Ralph Emerson he became president.

"Mr. Hinchliff is survived by the widow and seven children. The children are Mrs. Harriet E. Coverdale, New York; Ralph Hinchliff, Rockford; Mrs. Jeannette Belle Parker, Chicago; Emerson Hinchliff, Valparaiso, Chile, South American representative of the Burson companies; Mrs. Dorothy Williams, Hamilton, Canada; Miss Mary Clemewell Hinchliff, a senior at Wellesley college, and Edward C. Hinchliff, a student in Chicago. There are eight grandchildren: William H. Coverdale, Jr.; Mary Coverdale, Harriet Coverdale, Ralph Hinchliff, Jr.; William Emerson Hinchliff, F. W. Parker, III; Jeanette H. Parker and Talcott Williams. He also leaves four sisters: Mrs. Jeannette H. Root, Omaha, Nebr.; Mrs. Mary H. Borden, LaGrange, Ill.; Mrs. Susan A. Cammack, St. Paul, Minn.; and Mrs. E. R. Lay, Marshalltown, Iowa. A fifth sister, Mrs. E. P. Wheeler, of Aurora, died in Florida, in January. William Hinchliff, Jr., a twin brother of Emerson Hinchliff, died when a child.

"Mr. Hinchliff was a member of Rockford Lodge No. 64, B.P.O.E.; Rockford Country Club and University Club, of this city; Chicago Automobile and Chicago Motor Clubs, the Everett Society of Chicago, and also was

a fellow of the American Geographical Society, of New York.

"Mr. Hinchliff was a man with a determination to surmount obstacles no matter how difficult they might appear and this characteristic combined with an alert mind and keen perception were reflected in his business success. He was a great reader and spent much time with books. He found recreation in motoring, golfing and hunting big game. He had visited nearly every wild game district in the United States in his hunting expeditions."

LETTERS

FROM THE CHILDREN

The first letter is from Harriet. It has always been a question with me as to who is better off in a family, the first born or the youngster. Harriet got discipline first hand and always was told she had to be a model for us smaller children, but then again she and Ralph, by their superior age, wisdom, and experience, could naturally be expected to do a little disciplining of the younger generation on their own account. Also they didn't have to wear hand-me-down clothes. I was betwixt and between, and so should be able to look at it impartially, but the only thing that is really clear to me is that Dorothy, Clemewell, and Edward had a easier time than did we older ones, in spite of the good advice we gave Mother (we didn't favor Father with quite so much counsel), and of course everybody knows how spoiled Edward was! Anyway, this is what Harriet says:

"Father's was such a complex personality and his interests so varied that ours was a rich heritage of memories. Hardly a day passes but that something in my experience reminds me of him,—usually a bit of music, a quotation, or a humorous situation which would have brought a quizzical smile to his face. The revivals now current of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance* have presented many instances, for I found much that was delightfully familiar including, 'A paradox, a parodox, a most ingenious paradox.'

"A cultivated taste and training in music and literature, equalled by skill in horsemanship, fencing, and shooting, and at golf, furnished him with a diversity of interests and an all-round development that is seldom found in this age. And not only did he possess this culture, but he was eager to share it with his family for, inspite of extremely heavy business responsibilities, he read to us, sang with us, rode and drove with us, and even took us to the 'shop' whenever his presence was required there on Sunday mornings.

"He loved the out-of-doors (we had one of the first sleeping porches in Rockford) and spent long afternoons

driving into the country where we frequently had family picnics. On the other hand, he was equally happy in-doors with a book or at a concert. Grand and Light Opera and the old English songs were often on his lips until we learned to appreciate good music. Shakespeare, Homer, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Kipling, he read aloud until literature opened before us to an extent seldom afforded children.

"Although he was with us so much, there was never any question of our imposing upon this relationship as discipline was always maintained and obedience demanded in accordance with his own British training.

"This strict yet tender supervision continued through our school days and was most evident when we older children began to consider marriage, as his sympathetic understanding of human nature was most helpful and his advice always sound.

"I deeply regret that my children could not have known him better, and that he never saw Miles whose coloring always reminds me of his grandfather."

HARRIET HINCHLIFF COVERDALE.

My job is partially that of translator, so I will remark that I believe that when Father was at Amherst there were two professors, father and son, both Doctors of Philosophy, and it was rumored that at times when they were crossing the campus together at dusk they were greeted with that Gilbert and Sullivan line "A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox." It is hearsay evidence at best that Father was the soloist, but I know that it was always a favorite line with him. Another solo was, "For tomorrow will be Friday and we have no fish to eat." As he usually chanted this on Sunday morning it was a bit of an anachronism, but it made a ringing song any day. A tune that was particularly appropriate when one of us should be out of bed and wasn't, was, "Don't you make a noise, boys, or you will wake the baby; don't you make a noise, boys, or you will wake the child."

The first of these letters to be actually written was the following to Mother from Ralph, written December 25, 1926, thus shortly preceding Father's birthday and the forty-first wedding anniversary. It follows:

"The other day you asked me to write something about Father. It was the evening you saw the picture, Mr. Walton so thoughtfully gave me, of Father in hunting clothes. Edward came down to the office when Mr. Walton was here and heard him say: 'Your Father was my best friend in Rockford. I enjoyed working with him and have hunted with him days at a time, with never an unhappy incident or word of complaint.' I am going to have enlargements made and one will hang in my office with the other pictures of Father and you. I never took the longed for hunting vacation with Father but did enjoy many Sundays with him in the field. 'He was a true sportsman' is the word of everyone who joined Father afield. I remember the affection his dogs had for him, too.

"There is a train that passes the Country Club each evening about six o'clock. Whenever I see that train or any other on that line, happy recollections of my caddying and later golfing pleasures with each of you, come to mind. That train used to pass us when we were on the old sixth hole. I wouldn't trade my youth and experiences which you allowed, such as caddying and helping at the Country Club, for anything. I remember one Sunday morning when Father rode with me behind the pony to the Country Club. The North End was mostly vacant and we cut cross lots. I was trying to keep pony and cart clean and so was cutting a new cross road through grass to keep out of mud. It was pretty bumpy and Father found fault until I told him my reason, and that it was shorter. He took the occasion to compliment me, saying, he was glad to see me cutting new paths to an objective—to keep it up and that new methods often lead over bumps but were

worth trying to achieve success. I often think of that morning. Another time, on my first horseback ride with him, he made me remount after countless spills until I had mastered the pony and you know how much health and pleasure that led to.

"Father was strict, and I thought too strict with us as we grew older. Sometimes I wish that he might understand a little better, but now I know his attitude even so was for the best.

"Of Father in business, I know more than anyone of our family, save you. As the guiding genius in the upbuilding of the Burson Companies, he set the pace for the knitting industry, not only in Rockford but elsewhere. He was 'the biggest man' by all odds, in the local industry.

"He put us out in front and kept us there and the start he gave us enabled us to survive the recent trying experiences. He was of the old school and avoided debts whenever possible. Property improvements and additions amounting to millions were made under his management and almost invariably out of earnings. The result was generous dividends for years and our ability to finance the necessary reorganization of 1925. It is fortunate that you survived him so as to encourage us and enable the effort to be made to save his life work, and effort apparently ending in success. The memory of his example in the minds of many men has been of value, second only to the intrinsic worth of the property he built, in bringing about this success. I remember once Father was criticized for keeping so much surplus in the business instead of making use of a line of bank credit. His program was sound as developments have shown. Not a day goes by, yes, hardly an hour of the day, but someone here thinks of Father.

"Modesty was a marked characteristic. Father, as you know, shunned the limelight. He hated to see the name William E. Hinchliff in the paper. He insisted that results rather than promises should be the measure of one's value.

"This was a good example.

"Would that he were here to share the Merry Christmas which we all wish you. His life was shortened by his efforts in our behalf."

Affectionately,

RALPH.

Hunting had about disappeared from around Rockford by the time I could handle the double-barreled shotgun, so my main recollections of this phase of Father's life are of eating the jack-snipe, quail, or prairie chicken, or of cleaning the gun, when I got big enough. What could be fairer than a little gun cleaning after a session of bone picking! I also remember the awe with which I gazed at a steamer trunk overflowing with layer on layer of prairie chicken brought back from the Dakotas. One of the most illuminating remarks in my whole recollection was once, when the snipe had been a bit scarce, he either refused a second helping or went without entirely, saying that he had had the fun of shooting them. The golfing and caddying, of course, I remember, and I also remember our lessons in thrift. As we made money from caddying we would make deposits with Mother and at the end of the season she would make a formal demand note out to us for ten or fifteen dollars, or whatever it was, and would regularly pay us interest on them, too. I enjoyed caddying for Father and Mother most of all, the beefsteak supper afterward being a pleasant reward.

Ralph knew him better in business than the rest of us, and I next. Ralph and I used to love to lie on the safa and listen to him talk with out-of-town business men whom he would invite to the house for supper. It was he who headed me for South America, saying that if I showed proficiency in modern languages he figured I would sometime have a chance at South America. Had the war not broken out I should have had six months each

in Spain, France, and Germany to learn the languages, but instead I came down here to learn Spanish and exporting at the same time. I remember learning what a discount was from a deal he put through for a Corliss engine. He first got the lowest price for the installed engine, then an extra discount from the salesman for paying cash, and then sent the order in by mail accompanied by the check and subtracted interest at the rate of 6% per annum until the delivery date.

In thinking about his relations with the men, it just occurs to me that I never heard him call a man down. A slave-driver might have secured better temporary results, but I doubt it; Father got excellent dividends from the business and the respect and goodwill (rather affection) of all the men I came in contact with, and I knew most of them. The foreman were a particularly loyal and united lot and I enjoyed many picnics and trips to Beloit with them.

The next letter is from Belle, just a little older than I, and in her prime one of the best hairpullers and companions in couch cover cutting I ever knew:

"With such a father I should be much more level headed and a larger force for good in the community than I am or ever will be. My chief recollections have, of course, to do with his discipline. Of course, my recollections are very severe, but I am doing my best to follow in his foot-steps on that score as I know he was right. Never will I forget one well-merited spanking administered impartially to Emerson and me after we had wilfully cut holes in a couch cover following a dismissal from the dinner table. I deserved it and knew it, which was the case with every punishment I received. Still other memories have to do with the ten o'clock rule. It was hard having to leave a basket-ball dance early or a party. I remember well finding him up on Hallowe'en after I'd overstepped the dead line. Great were the fireworks which I in this case resented. The boy I was with wouldn't bring me home and he was due in early, too, as it was a school night. I hope he got punished.

"I also remember well one Sunday when he came in after a ride. His horse (Beard) had run away with him and he spent the rest of the morning showing his horse his mistake by running him further.

"Again our trips in the never to beforgotten White Steamer come to mind. They were joyous and thrilling experiences, especially the first trial up Corey's Bluff when Father would joke about his narrow escape and, in the meantime, be heading for the opposite ditch from the one just missed. Our trips were thrilling experiences in engineering skill, too, in order to get home under our own power. Once we reached the outskirts of Janesville, gazed on it from a hilltop, blocked up a broken spring, and limped home. Another time he forded the flooded Pecatonica River and climbed a very slippery clay hill to reach a few of us who were camping. He came to extract us from the flood, but worried as he was, he let us stay when he found us all right and we insisted that he had promised us a two weeks camp.

"His irony was terrible at times and we used to try to hoot him down to no avail. Ralph and I will never misspell 'Milk' because of one luncheon spent teasing Ralph for drinking 'Melk.' His stories, too, were marvels. The tribe used to descend on him Sunday morning to hear his tales. How we ever all got in the bed or believed the stories I know not, but even yet I would have trouble separating fact from fiction were I fortunate enough to hear his bear stories and those of the rhinoceros. We surely, thanks to our parents, had a grand and glorious childhood and, scattered as we now are, these notes from us all will help make him live for his grandchildren."

BELLE H. PARKER.

That ten o'clock rule! How I used to pedal back from Elm Street of a Sunday night on my bicycle in order to be in on time. And the old White Steamer! The youth of to-day doesn't know what it was to engineer a fifty or hundred mile trip in 1906. First, Ralph and I would fill the grease cups, the gasoline tank, the carbide tank for the acetyline lights and oil her up well. Then we would take her down to Al Buske to pack the stuffing boxes and overhaul the motor in general. It only took ten or fifteen minutes to light up and raise steam, and off we went. Every thirty or forty miles we had to pour in three or four pailfuls of water and there was usually at least one puncture in fifty miles. Yet Father had the courage to set out for Lake Geneva or Delavan with the gang of us every so often. I can still visualize the imprint of our headlight on the side of a cow as she didn't cross the road fast enough and he ran into her, though not hard. We certainly had a "grand and glorious childhood" and it is worth noting that enough work was mixed in to keep the proportion right. We boys had to wash the auto and take care of the pony and take out the furnace ashes, and we all had spells at digging dandelions and wiping dishes. As I remember shoveling snow off the sidewalks in my youth I can see little Billy Hinchliff out with his snowshovel on Grandmother's front porch and sidewalk in January, 1925, when he and I were both visiting her.

EDITOR'S NOTES—The following was written by Mother owing to unwillingness of editor to write about himself.

"William and Emerson, the twins, came next. William is now with his Father in the Great Beyond and to Emerson with his wife in Valparaiso, Chile, the cablegram announcing our loss was a great shock. He met it as bravely as his Father would have done, as is shown by his answering cablegram received just as we were assembled for the funeral service, and the following extracts from his letter to us dated February 26, 1921.

"We ourselves are trying not to dwell too much on what we have lost. We are trying, rather, to console ourselves with the knowledge that he has gone to his reward after a long, active and honorable life. His example remains for us to copy, his success for us to emulate, and his name for us to keep clear and unsullied."

EMERSON HINCHLIFF.

Dorothy is next in line, writing as follows:

"The thoughts and memories that drift through my mind as I sit down to write of Father are of such homely, personal things that they seem almost too intimate to be put on paper for others to read. But it is the little things, often, which show personality and character.

"The quality that impresses me most as I look back was his kindness to us children (Mother was even more so). He was firm and often far too stern, we felt, but underneath it all he was thinking of our best good—and how gentle he was when we were sick or hurt! He and Mother knew almost as much as the doctors and nurses about taking care of us when we were ailing. In fact, it was Father who first noticed a complication in Edward's condition when he was so terribly ill with pneumonia and spinal meningitis in his infancy. The doctors, when Father called their attention to this trouble, quickly took steps to remedy conditions, and I believe, felt that Father had saved Edward's life. No chances were ever taken with any of us,—all wounds were attended to promptly.

"Father was a wonderful carver and how we children did watch him divide the steak or roast or fowl. He would give the tenderest portion to the child who was having his or her teeth straightened at the time. I know my brothers and sisters will never forget my love of Porter House steak and the way Father would cut the tender meat close from the bone for me. When I was blind, he took much pains to see that no bones were left in my portion of fish, and would come out to encourage me as I ate alone in a dim corner under the stairs where the light would not hurt my eyes.

"Father (and Mother) allowed us to do daring and often dangerous things,—ride frisky ponies, climb in high and risky places and play by the river. He knew we had

to become self-reliant and he didn't allow his fears to stand in our way. But he wouldn't let us take unnecessary risks. Our fire crackers, for instance, were of the most harmless variety,—no giant crackers permitted. What a blow it must have been to him to have Emerson burned severely by some red fire which had become confused with a Roman candle. He encouraged us to be brave and independent. I was quite young when he taught me to ride a bicycle and I used to ride down to State Street every evening to meet him on his funny high old wheel. I was not allowed to cross State Street into the business section so used to wait at the entrance to Lonergan's Livery Stable until I saw my parent coming. The owner of the barn spent much of his time tipped back in a chair in the doorway, so I had company as I waited.

"Father was very democratic and encouraged us to make friends with people of all sorts. He never made any display around Rockford or wanted us to. He hated his children to be conspicuous in any ostentatious way. When he was traveling abroad he spent money freely and spared no expense to make the trip happy and comfortable, but coming out from Chicago to Rockford, he assumed more modest ways. No chair car then, the day coach was good enough. He didn't want people from his mill, for instance, to feel that he was having anything better than they. It used quite to embarrass us young people at times, but I understand better now. He enjoyed travel and he and Mother and Emerson went to England during the Great War, very foolishly according to most people, with the submarines so active. He wanted to see first hand what was going on. A South American trip was taken during the war, too—another dangerous venture which we all enjoyed in spite of having the ship run in total darkness after nightfall from Rio to Montevideo. Ed-

ward and I went with them to see Emerson who had gone there from England.

"Father was very tidy, there was always a place for every thing with him and it was usually there unless one of us children had helped himself to something. It must have been an awful strain on him to see our belongings scattered around everywhere. Judging from my own children, I know there must have been considerable clutter in spite of the spacious side hall with its many hooks and cupboards for rubbers and mittens and the play room for our toys. I can remember Mother's forever picking things up, too. How he did dislike finding the wash stands or bath tubs dirty. He never left a bath room untidy and tried persistently to teach us to be neater, in that respect especially. I appreciate it now when I have to clean our wash stand after other members of the family.

"In later years when he started to smoke cigars, (and how glad I am he did, for they must have been a great comfort to him) he was as neat as could be about them,—never any ashes spilled around or smelly stubs. I wonder now what he did with them.

"Everyone will write about what good company he was when he went out, which was rarely, but he was witty and amusing around us children also, helping to cultivate a keen sense of humor in us all. He read a great deal which made him more interesting. He loved to hunt and later played golf and started us all playing when we were very young.

"He knew human nature through and through and was a very keen judge of character. If he warned us that some acquaintance or friend was not just the sort he would choose for us, we were pretty certain to find out sooner or later that he had been right. We were not permitted the

freedom our friends enjoyed, but I think that I had a far happier childhood and girlhood than the young people of today, with their lack of parental restraint. However, I must confess, I evaded many of his rules. Much was done for our pleasure though. What wonderful times we had on the sleigh ride parties he and Mother engineered for us on Emerson's birthday! I can recall so clearly the big square sleigh which would hold about fifteen or twenty children with Father driving the team. How we did enjoy the long ride to Winnebago Inn where a hot supper would be awaiting us. And the time we didn't go there for refreshments but to Barrett's candy store where we were expected to get hot soup, chocolate, etc., and most of the crowd ordered ice cream sodas on a sub-zero night, —they had been bundled up so by advising mothers.

"I wish Father had lived to enjoy the radio, he loved music so, as is shown by the splendid records he bought for his fine Victrola. What a poor lot he did think the modern jazz pieces were. He would probably be quite disgusted with the amount of cheap music sent out on the air, too.

"I enjoy a good game of bridge now as much as anything, largely I presume because he and I used to play whist against Mother and Emerson. Father was a very good player and helped develop my card sense, and how we all did enjoy those games. Can you, Emerson, remember the table we played upon—with the four small drawers, one opening on each side? (Yes.)

"They say so much these days about not spanking children, how they resent it and are brutalized, etc. One of the most vivid memories of my childhood concerns a much needed punishment. Harriet had a large doll which I just adored. I played with it every time I could find it, much to Harriet's despair. One day a friend was over

playing with my sister and I wanted to join them, but they, quite naturally, didn't care for my company and locked the door. I was furious and pounded on the door and tried to get in. If they wouldn't let me in, I at least insisted on having the doll to console myself. I made a great fuss as I knew Father was trying to sleep downstairs and I thought he would take my side and see that Harriet gave in to me. I had to make a big noise for Father was quite used to us and could sleep after dinner on the lounge in a room where we were playing. Finally I heard him coming two steps at a time, but, imagine my chagrin, when he spanked me soundly for annoying my big sister and her guest. I retired to my closet, climbed on the top shelf and after a good cry and many long thoughts, I fell asleep. I had received a much-needed lesson in fair play and admired Father even then for giving it to me so effectively.

"Father was very interested in our development and watched our school reports closely. He was very proud of Emerson and had reason to be. I think he was as proud of Belle, too, for she had a lot to contend with that Emerson didn't.

"The best of his many wonderful qualities was his absolute devotion to Mother, not that he could really help loving her, who doesn't, but he was so appreciative of her and, though he was not demonstrative in front of others, he was completely lost when she was out of the house when he came home. If she left town he could hardly wait for her return. We can all hear him half singing the words 'Where is your Mother,' 'Where is your Mother' over and over to himself as he waited for her, and his smile of welcome and sigh of content when she came home to us all."

DOROTHY WILLIAMS.

I really shouldn't add a word to Dorothy's tribute. It is as sweet and as patiently heartfelt as it can be.

But it reminds me of another scheme for stimulating our ambition that he had. He made us a proposition when we reached High School to give us a quarter for each A on our monthly reports and we had to give him a quarter for each C. The report cards were something to look forward to on that basis. It was justice tempered with mercy, because once I had a C and no A's, but I was forgiven because I had been out of school a week sick. Another case of justice was when it came out that I had been lax in cleaning the pony. The Supreme Court decision as announced to the plaintiff (Ralph, I think) was that my main job at the time was my lessons and I was doing that job well so other derelictions were somewhat excusable, and if I would clean Daisy faithfully every day for a month I would then be relieved of the job. I didn't miss a day, you may be sure, as I wanted to get rid of that chore.

Dorothy's mention of his neatness recalls "Father's Scissors" and one rule we nearly always obeyed was to put them back in their place after using them. Another expression of his personality was "Father's way" of preparing an orange—quite the best way in the world for eating an orange!

Next we hear from that scholarly young globetrotter, Clemewell:

"Father seems to have had so many interesting sides. The Mediterranean cruise which Edward and I were privileged to make with our parents, revealed that of the scholar and enthusiastic reader. It further demonstrated that he could think of those men and times which he had studied as very much alive. This realization of the actuality of any character, from the Sybil at Cumae to Saint Ursula, from Nero to Benevenuto Cellini, he could so impart that I always think of those weeks in Italy (and in London) as a splendid time to remember.

"Unlike the older children of the family, I never heard the Iliad or the Odyssey read aloud on a Sunday afternoon. Instead I have the memory of a sunset on the Mediter-

ranean—the dark coast of Africa looming against the evening color—and Father with his trained voice reciting words like these, 'For I purpose to sail beyond the sunset, the bath of all the western stars—until I die.'

"I remember, too, our private pursuit of young Benvenuto Cellini from his cell in the Castle Saint Angelo up to its ramparts to speculate as to how he could survive that leaping escape. There's a courier in Italy, or was in 1912, who learned a deal more about the business of guiding from a well-versed American, but perhaps he did not learn! He was so eager to please and so unscrupulous as to start making up spots sacred to Cellini when he sensed that herein lay one of our enthusiasms. Father, however, persuaded him that these were not authentic and that his imagination was becoming as powerful as that of our hero.

"In this perhaps unconscious putting of emphasis on certain men, Father was a good teacher. From that mass of material, the confusion of centuries, he chose to seek out those things which he had from his youth yearned to see, and those things which he had culled in more recent reading. (Harriet's husband had given him the famous MEMOIRS.) Thus there was always point to our sightseeing and a frame work for further historical facts.

"Pre-occupation with the past, however, was not obscuring notice of the present day life. How delighted Father was with our cabby at Oxford, where we two went one Sunday for a glimpse of the University town. As we stepped out of the *Mitre* after dinner, this perfect Dicken's character proferred the services of himself and his decrepit horse. I think the man's nose, a glorious plummy hue, badge of a hearty English eater, pleased Father as enormously as the rambling lecture he gave us. Father chuckled that here we had 'local color,' indeed.

"Not only was local color found everywhere we went, but our family traditions had scrupulously to be observed. When the eighth of March arrived, we found it necessary to substitute strawberry jam for strawberry shortcake in the celebration of Mother's birthday. In April we heard the Messiah, music which Father loved, at an Easter service in Westminster Abbey. On May Day we saw the relics of that English festival in a Yorkshire village. It was then just a few days before we were to return to America; Father inquired one morning, 'How do you think your Mother looks today?' . . . Don't you notice anything different about her? Doesn't she look any older? . . . Well, don't you think she looks a little more *grandmotherly?*' That was the way he announced to the entire breakfast table, including the Grandmother herself, that there was a cablegram telling of the birth of the first grandchild, another William. I hope that all the grandchildren who have since been welcomed can some day have such a voyage of discovery with their parents and have as happy memories as I cherish."

CLEMEWELL HINCHLIFF HARRIMAN.

It was from this trip that Father brought back a story about Edward that he used to tell with great gusto. When they were in Brussels admiring the great town hall there, the guide told Edward, then about seven, that he could have the building if he would take it away with him. Edward held out his open pocket to him and said if the guide would put it in his pocket he would carry it away. How Father did enjoy telling that!

Clemewell missed a treat if she never heard Father read from Homer. Achilles, Ajax, Hector, Ulysses, Polyphemus, and the rest were the best of childhood friends and heroes. And if the Grandchildren don't know Mowgli, Kaa, Baloo, Bagheera, and the Bandarlog, they had better ask their parents to introduce them.

When Father taught us to box, he would get down on his knees, but let us stand up. Ralph and I used to do the same with

Edward, and whenever he scored a hit he used to yell "Howd'ya lide it?" Edward went into perfect ecstacies about it, so we used to let him hit us just to hear him crow. He doesn't know it yet, but we are going to press him into service as regards the make-up and printing of this Memorial. I trust he won't make it look too much like the "Cornell Widow," but we'll have to take a chance on it!

"The more I work here at the Burson the more I realize how universally admired Father was among the men. Many times I have heard an old employee speak about something that happened years ago in which Father was interested. All of the men remark of Father's interest in development and how he was so willing and anxious that every new idea should be given a trial. Father's democratic ways are still remembered by the old timers and they tell me that Father was forever walking through the shop seeing with his own eyes what every man was doing. He would always offer sound advice and his interest in the phases of work was intense.

"I remember when I used to come down to the shop with Father when I was very small. Bill Rank told me the other day that one of the first automobile rides he ever had was when he rode up the street sitting next to Father while I sat on Father's lap. Many old employees have told me of seeing me at the mill with Father when I was very young. They all remarked on how much Father delighted in seeing me come down of my own accord, usually to get round punchings to use for money and to sail in the air.

"Father always was cheerful in the face of adversity. When I was at North Shore Country Day and Father was an invalid, I remember coming home week-ends and always finding Father interested in school events and all my activities since my last visit home. Always the homecoming was marked by a welcome smile from Father and some humorous remark particularly fitting to the event.

"Father always was rather set in his ideas as to the correct age for his children to learn how to drive an automobile. I remember ever so well the first time he found out that I could drive a car. I wasn't quite as old as he would have liked me to be before I started to learn, and so I learned rather quietly and Father never knew that I was doing so. Finally I decided to surprise Father, and so when the car was brought around for the afternoon ride I was alone in it. Father didn't say a word but got in quietly and we were off. Never did I drive so carefully and when I returned the party all safe and sound to the door, Father complimented me on my driving and said maybe I knew more about the correct age to learn to drive than he did. This was in 1917 and I was 12 years old. This event illustrates Father's character, in that he was always willing to be convinced that he was wrong and would give you an opportunity to show what you knew and could do.

"Father loved to play with us children and well do I remember the big fat boxing gloves with which he would attempt to teach me the manly art. Father was forever telling me to look him in the eyes and not to look where I intended to hit him. Father was very clever in his defense and I never remember hitting except when he let me, so I don't think I was a very apt pupil.

"Telling stories was a forte of Fathers. His stories of Indians and bears were on a par with Uncle Edward Wheeler's. The humorous side of life always appealed to Father and there was rarely a meal without some apt pun or story.

"Father also had his sterner side and since I was the baby of the family I suppose I missed a good deal of it. I only remember receiving one spanking and that was for continuously disturbing Father's morning sleep on a morn-

ing on which he was particularly tired. I remember though, that tired or not, Father impressed me as being a strong man both at that time and later. Father had broad, strong shoulders and a good setup.

"Of all the things Father used to do that stand out in my memory, I think the two I remember the clearest are the way he used to call 'Oh Harriet' and his inimitable way of saying 'Come, come, come,' when he summoned us to the dining-room.

"Father was the best father a boy ever had."

With much love,

EDWARD.

LETTERS

FROM FATHER'S RELATIVES

Aunt Jeannette Root, his oldest sister, was ill with pneumonia at the time of the funeral and was the only one of his sisters who was not present. Instead, we have the beautiful tribute which follows, I might say that Father always had the highest respect and regard for her. The letter was dated March 22, 1921.

"Dear Harriet:

"I feel that you have been sure of my sympathy although I have not written you. This is the tenth week since I came down with pneumonia and I am just beginning to sit up. I did not know of dear Will's death for more than two weeks, but how much there is to be thankful for! He had everything about him that could contribute to his happiness and welfare, and your priceless devotion, and the last conflict was so short.

"I am so glad the family was together last May. I am sure Will enjoyed the gifts he made us as well as we did the receiving. Do you remember how Sarah said, 'I know why you gave me this, Will. It was because I brought you up.'

"I was pleased that 'Comfort Ye, My People' was sung at the funeral. He played it for me on the Victrola once, and we were both carried back to our Father's home, where it was a household word.

"Memories rush thick upon us. We five girls with only two brothers were inclined to grant them much devotion. I remember to have been proud of Will's gift of recitation. Before he was nine he used to entertain the family and guests by this facility. 'John Maynard,' 'The Abbot of Aberbrothock' were favorites. The first is, I think, written by John Hay, the last by Southey, though I haven't seen them in print for years.

"We were always proud of him. Even when at eleven years he left us for a little, we knew he was only showing

the courage, energy, and imagination that were later to serve him so well when judgment had taught their use.

"I am so glad you lived so near Father and Mother in Chicago for a time. You were a great comfort to their declining years.

"You have many memories, and a family to be proud of, and I hope you have many years in which to serve your generation in this beautiful world."

Yours affectionately,

JEANNETTE H. ROOT.

In another letter about three months later Aunt Jeannette wrote:

"How dependent Father was upon Will for advice and sharing his burden."

From some reminiscences she wrote about early days in Chicago, we have lifted the following:

"When Will was about twelve years of age a printing press with all that appertained to it was a treasured possession. It tended to promote orderliness and deftness of hand. It became a stimulus to his school work. Profit and loss came to have a more precise meaning to him. System and accuracy were taught. In adult life, when he was training his own children, I thought of him as passing on the lessons of his youth; it may be that the boy was father of the man in these regards."

Reading the following recollections of Aunt Mary Borden's must remind us of our own childhood, because Father used to stimulate us with prizes. The earliest one I can remember was ten cents for first swimming the length of the Nelson House pool. Later I got a dollar for swimming the river; he said it was worth a dollar to him to know I could swim that far in case I were tipped over in the canoe. I can understand now why Father kept Harriet at "Danny Deever" on the piano with the offer of a reward—he was getting even with "Old Hundred." Aunt Mary wrote as follows:"

"Will was always a 'tower of strength' to me. When I had to transact my first business this past winter, it nearly floored me with worry. I never had to give his decisions a second thought knowing his ability and the kindly interest he had in me, I knew everything would be all right. Will was about fourteen years old when I was married and left home. Later when I was back on visits to the old home, I remember how interested he was in his school work. He had a small room in the second story of Father's brick barn on Ann Street fitted up with a printing press on which he sometimes printed a school paper. He was a member of the Everett Literary Society in which he took great pride. He both contributed and received profit from his membership in this Society. Will was always fond of music, though it sometimes took more effort on his part to sing independently and carry the tune than some of the rest of the family, he kept on trying. I remember Father promised him a dollar if he would learn to sing 'Old Hundred' by a certain time. He practiced faithfully under brother George's tutlelage. The lesson was usually given soon after retiring and in the morning while dressing. In the evening the older members of the family were downstairs, and the doors being open, we could all hear all that went on just above. We enjoyed the daily improvement as much as did the pupil and teacher. When Will was seven or eight years old, we had a guest, a young man by the name of Abbott who was a graudate of Albion Academy, later of Yankton College, and since then an M. E. minister. Our guest often entertained us in the evening by reading for us. Will was very much interested in him, and was not slow in trying to learn to recite both poetry and prose, and really, for a boy, became quite proficient in that art. I remember one recitation called the Inchape Rock' which we all enjoyed hearing him recite. He kept up his interest in that line for several years. His occasional visits to my home in Champaign were always

enjoyed by the children as well as parents. I remember on one of his visits in the winter time, I happened to have a few dozen quail on hand. As he was especially fond of game, I was glad I could give him pleasure even in that line."

MARY HINCHLIFF BORDEN.

Uncle Edward Wheeler touched the lives of us children in many ways. His father was a missionary to the Indians in northern Wisconsin and Uncle Edward spent his boyhood among them. He can speak the languages of several Indian tribes and is the adopted son of an Indian chief. How we used to love to hear his stories about the Ojibways! I am sure he will touch the hearts of my sisters and brothers with the following thoughful and measured character sketch written recently, and Mother has remarked on how much he helped in the Lake Geneva matter and at Minneapolis and St. Paul.

An Attempted Estimate of the Life and Services of My Brother-in-Law William E. Hinchliff

"No adequate interpretation of any man's life can be made without taking into account the back ground of his heredity. This will explain the sustained exercise of the mental and moral qualities which made up his life record. It will also help to make a forecast as to how far down the future his life will extend.

"Let it then be said at the outset that Mr. Hinchliff had an unusual heredity of strong and sterling qualities.

"His English blood, of the Yorkshire variety, gave him a combination of the qualities of mind, of honesty, dependableness, and sustained purpose that were unusual. To these were added a broad and comprehensive intelligence and, to a certain extent, a tendency to artistic expression in all he had to do. With these moral and intellectual endowments was combined a robust physique that enabled him to carry them into exercise and effect.

"There never was anything in his life record that would even remotely suggest the speculative, the sensational or the spectacular in his make-up. But along the lines of honest work, thoroughly done and effectively carried out, he was as unvarying as the sun. These basic qualities of his heredity, which he confirmed by their use, made him appreciative of others who achieved in the same way. This gave him a democratic interest in others, even in the humblest walks of life, who achieved in the same way.

"This explains his exceptional popularity with his employees, as it secured at the same time their loyalty and co-operation. His success in the manufacturing business for many years was due in no small degree to his ability to hold the allegiance of his employees. These same qualities of mind and character entered into the products of the factory with which he was so long identified. They were dependable articles and of standard make. The public learned to appreciate them as such and to rely upon

their merit. The growth of the Burson Knitting Co. to its present supremacy was due as much to the fact that it held its trade as to its aggressive policy in extending it. In this particular, it reflected the special characteristics of the mind that so long supervised it.

"The strain of such unvarying allegiance to his own ideals of life overwhelmed at last even his sturdy constitution. In a way, he was a martyr to such ideals. To my way of thinking, his life work was also a providential adaption to the situation of the family into which he entered at the time he entered it. This situation was brought about by a sudden and most unexpected accident. It resulted in a most desolating bereavement, as well as a change in the plans that had been made for the conduct of business affairs. To meet such an exigency, not only an adequate business capacity was needed, but a sympathetic and a loyal interest in the family problem to be provided for.

"For such a situation but few men had qualities better adapted to meet it. He had a large and loyal heart, as well as a patient and sustained purpose. This made his relations to his Father-in-law mutually helpful. In his apprenticeship in the business, he had the constant advice of one of the pioneer manufacturers of the Middle West. As to the great objectives to be reached and the principles by which they should be attained, they were in complete accord. They were those of a common Puritanism, the one derived through New England ancestry, the other by way of English antecedents. They involved in the management, thrift, carefulness, thoroughness, and honesty. As the Father-in-law found his strength failing, he must have found himself more and more comforted in the thought that his successor in the Burson enterprise would, by his constitutional bent as well as abilities, realize his expectations for the business.

"The fact that he held his position as head of the Knitting Co. 'till his break-down, proved that he fulfilled the expectations of his Father-in-law's heirs as well as those of his own. It ought to be a source of great encouragement to all the children and grand-children that they are heirs of a great inheritance of strength and stable endowments. It ought to be their pride so to employ these same qualities of mind and heart as to verify anew their significance and power.

"No justice can be done to William's life which does not include what he was to his Father's family. In this sphere, his devotion was outstanding. The first responsibility which he assumed for his brother and his sisters was as executor of his Father's estate. It is only stating the facts to say that when he took over the estate it was seriously involved. The Lake Geneva investment, which included the larger part of the property, was threatened with a fifty percent loss. To assume the problem of such a situation carried with it personal attention, serious concern in the presence of recurring crises and financial aid as well. This strain upon his mind and attention he carried for four years. During it all, his patience, his tact, and his judgment were such that it saved the investment from loss. But all this cost to him was not only cheerfully borne, but rendered as a glad service to his family circle. It is only necessary to mention the St. Paul business as another instance of his unstinted devotion to the family circle. With all its serious financial involvement, its years of care and attention, he carried it until his help was no more needed. The Texas adventure for the rescue of which he was again called to help, found him ready to respond. It was a tragic appeal, and one which required a generosity and a loyalty that was outstanding, but he met it without a murmur. No parent could have been more devoted than he was to the members of his Father's family.

Indeed, he was looked to by them as the providential successor of him whose death they so much missed and whose characteristics he so much reproduced.

"The closing period of his life must ever remain an enigma to us all. On strictly natural grounds, it was not altogether unaccountable. The strains he was under for so many years must have told upon his constitution. To be cut off so suddenly from the outside world and to live under the shadow of his great liability must have brought home to him personal problems that cost him a struggle—perhaps the greatest struggle of his life. While I met him but a few times during this period, he always seemed cheerful and resigned. Undoubtedly his intellectual tastes enable him to find in reading and study compensations of no small significance. But after all is said and done, he must have had moments of struggle in which he felt his loneliness. The fact that he survived these occasions and continued his serenity and calmness to the end should be one of our great consolations. The fact that he died alone need not disturb us. Moses did the same thing. Like him also—'he was not, for God took him.' I close with Proverbs 10:7 'The memory of the righteous is blessed' "

EDWARD P. WHEELER.

Additional testimony of what Father meant to his sisters and brothers is expressed in a recent letter from Houson, Texas, written by Aunt Minora, the widow of his elder brother George, from which we give extracts:

"My dear Harriet:

"I well remember the time I first heard about the Hinchliff family. It was in the early eighties through the Cammack family. Later in eighty-nine, I first met George, little dreaming that I should ever marry him. At that time I used to hear him talk of his brother and sisters, and he always spoke in such glowing terms that I laughingly

remarked to him one day that I thought 'the Hinchliffs must each have been born with a halo' and afterwards we always spoke of the 'halo.' When later I came to know them, I realized that they were an unusual family. It affords me pleasure to express George's ideas and also my own.

"George used to say of Will that he was one of the brightest, cleanest, finest men that he knew,—that his executive ability was superior to most business men, while his mental acumen was quick,—that he could respond to any request made for an impromptu address and possessed also a facile pen. When I came to know Will in later years, he was not very well, and I never saw him in social gatherings, but I found his kindness far surpassed all his brother had said of him. These lines seem applicable to him:

'His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—HE WAS A MAN.'

"Inasmuch as we lived in a different part of the country we could not see as much of him as we should have wished and that has always been a regret to me. The one visit he made to us in our Southland home will always be a bright spot in my memory, for my husband so often referred to it. Later, when I visited at the home in Rockford, after the death of my husband, it did my aching heart good to have Will say to me he should always be thankful as long as he lived that he made that visit, thus exemplifying that he reciprocated what my husband had felt.

"At the time of my great loss, it was to Brother Will that I first turned, and I shall always remember how promptly came flashing back over the wires his kindly message of sympathy and the offer to do anything possible for me. I have only the kindest memories of him. He was

always ready to advise, and one could always feel that one could act on his advice for 'the truly generous are the truly wise.' I can say from the depths of my heart that I am thankful that I had such a brother-in-law. An own brother could never have been more kind to me. In fact, he was kindness and generosity personified. He had learned the luxury of doing good."

Aunt Susan Cammack wrote recently to Ralph from St. Paul asking to be excused from contributing at length, but said:

"I remember your Father as a man of much more than average ability and a man of great kindliness and thoughtfulness of others, as evidenced in his coming up here to help my husband in a business way."

And her eldest son, William, also wrote:

"My brothers and I realize that he was always more than a good uncle to us, and we have always appreciated the way that he befriended us in connection with our business."

During construction days of Burson buildings we often used to see in Rockford a cousin by marriage, Robert Fletcher, of LaGrange, the architect of many Burson additions and of a fine family of second cousins. Cousin Robert writes:

"My recollection of Mr. William E. Hinchliff is that of a modest man whose chief interest, outside of his family, was the promotion of an intensely interesting manufacturing business with due regard to the interest of everyone connected with it. He was diplomatic, deliberate, and considerate. I believe the effect of the fine examples he gave will be felt for a long time in Rockford industrial life.

"My acquaintance and friendship with him covered many years. He never varied in his good ideals and as far as lay in his power carried them into effect.

"My intercourse with him at various times was intimate and gave abundant opportunity to know him in his home life as well as in his business life. He enjoyed good reading, good music, and God's beautiful out-doors. My memories of him will always be pleasant. It is good to have had the privilege of knowing him."

ROBERT C. FLETCHER.

LETTERS

FROM ENGLAND

Father took great pleasure in keeping in touch with his relatives in England. During each of his three trips to Europe, even in war time when he was ashore just four weeks, he spent several enjoyable days with his English cousins.

He made his headquarters with William Lockwood, a cousin on his Mother's side (their Mothers were sisters). Mr. Lockwood lived in Huddersfield, and from there by train or automobile other families were visited. Always a day was spent in his parents' native town, Clayton West, where various relatives gathered at cousin Herman Hinchliff's home to welcome him.

Herman, with his sons, is still carrying on the firm of George Hinchliff and Sons, established by their Grandfather in June, 1820. Extracts from letters from him, as well as from his brothers John and Luther, are among those which follow. These three men are sons of our Grandfather Hinchliff's oldest brother, Elias.

Another brother John, who for many years held a high position as alderman in Manchester, had no children. A younger half-brother, Harry, was the only one of his generation to cross the Atlantic, except Grandfather. A letter from his son Percy refers to this trip. A tale of it is that Father met Uncle Harry on the dock in New York and jokingly offered to carry his pocketbook for him. As it happened Uncle Harry had been filled with smoking-room stories of American confidence men and he merely took a better grip on his pocketbook and strode along. Miss Addy, however, observed the seeming stranger more closely and ejaculated joyfully: "Why it's Mr. William." This was in May, 1908, and our cousin Norman, Herman's younger son, was also with the party.

Clayton West, Yorkshire.
March 9, 1928.

"The visits you have made with us have been of a very pleasant and enjoyable nature, but all too short. They left a lasting impression upon us of one who, though American born, was a thorough Englishman and a gentleman and a worthy descendant of our forbears whose example we would do well to emulate in some small degree,

and which we are sure our late Cousin Will did with no small amount of success.

HERMAN AND JANE HINCHLIFF.

Clayton West, Yorkshire.
March 16, 1927.

"We notice with pride and satisfaction the great interest that Cousin Will took in the employees of the Burson Company, and regret he was not spared to see the climax of his idea of presenting the gold pins for faithful services given."

HERMAN AND JANE HINCHLIFF.

Hill Top, Clayton West, Huddersfield.

"It was really a pleasure to meet Cousin Will and listen to his quiet good humor which seemed to scintillate with him. I remember he called to me and introduced me to you as the 'Bit,' a reminiscence of a former visit when I was one of the company of five (Uncle Harry, W. Lockwood, Herman and myself) who were touring High Hoyland way in a landau drawn by a span of horses on a bleak March day.

"Our Cousin Will's aim in life seemed to me to be to make the world happier than he found it, and he was ably seconded by his thoughtful helpmate. I could imagine the motives of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hinchliff when they set out on their married life to be, to open a distillery of happiness and kindness and distil it wheresoever they could, and I think in this, success attended them. As our Scottish Burns says in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'An honest man is the noblest work of God,' and Cousin Will had all these attributes. In some speech I have read, the speaker speaking of someone says, 'This was a man—take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.' Our Grandfather Hinchliff was a fine man and he had a

quiet sense of humor too. I think Cousin Will must have inherited some of his Grandfather's best qualities."

JOHN HINCHLIFF.

Pendene, Saviltown, Dewsberry.
March 12, 1921.

"He was the namesake of two valiant Christian soldiers,—his father and mine—two men whom I honored above all my kin, both beautiful in their lives and glorious in their passing home.

"It must be an immense comfort to you and an irrestible incentive to your family to have such a husband and father. I say 'to have' rather than 'to have had' for if the Communion of Saints' is not an illusion but a reality (as I believe it is) he is as truly yours now as ever. Death does not sever. It only means that some reach Home sooner than the rest. Time will bring us daily nearer that grand reunion in Christ which will be eternal in its duration and ineffable in its bliss."

LUTHER HINCHLIFF.

Barnsley.
3rd March, 1927.

"Dear Cousin:

"Thanks for you letter dated the 21st January.

"One of my early recollections was when my Uncle Mr. William Hinchliff came over and stayed with us a few weeks in Victoris Street, and I then heard for the first time about his son, my cousin, Mr. William E. Hinchliff, what a good son he was, what good progress in life he was then making, and how proud of him were his parents and intimates.

"Later, I believe in the last letter which my Uncle wrote us, about a week before he passed away, I again learned how well he was doing and how successful he was in his every effort.

"My Father, along with Miss Addy, paid a visit to our American Cousins, and on his return I heard still more glowing reports about my Cousin, of the good work he was doing, and of the respect in which he was held by all the people of Rockford.

"In the year 1906 I was proud to meet him for the first time. I again saw him in 1912 and 1915, and on becoming acquainted with him I realized that, to do him justice, not half sufficient had been said of his uprightness, strict morals and sound judgment, and naturally it was a great blow to all the relatives on this side to hear, in 1921, that he had joined the Great Majority, and I feel sure I can speak collectively when I say that we all have a great pride and respect for the memory of our late American kinsman, Mr. William E. Hinchliff."

Yours sincerely,

PERCY A. HINCHLIFF.

I remember particularly the visits from Alice Lockwood. On her first trip we children used to exhibit her as "our English cousin who had come way to the States and had never been in London." To an Englishman apparently an ocean voyage is nothing, but a four-hour railroad trip is something not lightly to be undertaken; while to an American a trip to Bermuda or Cuba is a momentous event, and five days on the train from New York to California is a mere jaunt.

Huddersfield, England.
February 18, 1927.

"In the year 1904 I had the great pleasure of going abroad for the first time in my life, and that was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hinchliff in Rockford, Illinois, U.S.A. Mr. Hinchliff was my father's cousin and his father was born at Clayton West near Huddersfield, and used in previous years to revisit his old home and bring occasionally his daughters with him, but I believe Mr. W. E. Hinchliff had never been there nor had my father

or myself ever seen him. That made no difference. I was warmly welcomed to the Rockford home by all of them and soon became one of that bright and witty family.

"They entertained brilliantly for me, and I have pleasant recollections of picnics, parties, and country club visits, and many other amusements to which they took me. They enjoyed thoroughly puzzling me with their jokes, slang, and all the various things which were new to me over there. I was great amusement and a novelty to the younger members of the family and Mr. Hinchliff enjoyed teasing the little English cousin as well as the children. I threatened to take my revenge when they visted England for the first time and hoped it would be soon. In 1906 Mr. Hinchliff and Ralph paid us a visit and I think enjoyed very much visiting their relatives for the first time, and visiting the place in Clayton West where Mr. Hinchliff's father had lived—also his ancestors. In 1909 my father and myself returned Mr. Hinchliff's visit, and once again I enjoyed the happy time I had previously spent there in Rockford, and met many of the same delightful people.

"They gave us a great welcome, and Mr. Hinchliff was kind enough to come all the way to New York to meet us, showing us many of the places of interest there also. He returned our visit in 1912, bringing Mrs. Hinchliff and two of the chldren with him and that was the last time I saw him. His passing was a great sorrow to me, as it must have been to all who knew and loved him. Quiet, unassuming, a kind, good man! And I cannot pay this tribute to his memory without speaking of the great help and consolation he received from his dear wife—one of the most charming women I have ever met. A perfect wife and an ideal Mother. I have the happiest recollections of them both."

ALICE LOCKWOOD BARRETT.

March 12, 1921.

"The paragraph in the papers gave the true character of the man."

WILLIAM LOCKWOOD.

The following from London is not from relatives, although one can see that they were kindred spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Hinchley have entertained at one time or other nearly every member of our family, so we almost consider them relatives.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AMERICAN

"Of a little more than medium height, broad-shouldered, a fine upright figure, the head a little forward and kindliest blue eyes in agreement with a humorous mouth. This was the external impression of Mr. William Hinchliff in 1912, in England.

"His wife and two youngest children were with him, and later there seemed no experience or adventure on that trip they had not shared together. He was to all apparent as the most devoted husband and father, taking part and interest in all that concerned his family and sharing his affairs with them.

"The English newspapers, with their large spacing and clear type, interested him, compared with American newspapers. Our journals and magazines had not then adopted the American method of mixing up advertisements with other matter. He knew the commercial value of the respective systems and rightly guessed the English prejudice would sooner or later have to give way. He discussed many of the commercial prejudices of this country, as to which American salesmen were fully informed by special handbooks, to our mutual amusement and instruction. Business might or might not have been the object of this visit. His friends only knew that wherever he was to be found he had leisure, interest, and welcome for them, a zest for affairs and a quip for a quip.

"One was struck by the consideration for and remembrance of those he had left at home. Not alone his children, but those of his great factory whom he counted amongst his friends. There were personally chosen and inscribed cards, to those who would think much of them. I remember too the unique character of one set of gifts. A dozen fine reading glasses of extra high power and light make, 'for some friends who like myself may soon be glad of them.'

"The time of the next visit to England was a matter of some surprise, and stirred deep feelings amongst his English friends. Here was an example of that tradition of nationality so strongly assertive in British character.

"For this American citizen of 57 years, to cross the dangerous Atlantic, during the sternest uptake of the war, in February, 1915, the simple explanation was enough: 'My parents were English. I wanted to see and hear things in this country for myself.'

"In many a long discussion things were made plainer on both sides. Time and again he expressed his confidence in the ultimate association of America with the Allies. With clearness of vision, without bitterness or prejudice he never wavered in his faith as to the ultimate victory. He was not wanting, however, in defense of President Wilson, making it clear how heavy a responsibility lay with his decision, the practical difficulty—nay—the impossibility of carrying the whole country with him whatever action he would take.

"At the end of that stay in England, we were much affected by his parting words—'I am glad to have been here, I am more than satisfied that the attitude of Englishmen in this war is reasonable and just. To me there is none of the spirit we are led to believe in America. In the end you will find us with you—I have no doubt of that.'

"Older, graver and very sure of the tremendous issues at stake, he yet spoke firmly and cheerfully of his faith in the Allies.

"We are glad to record this slight rememberance of Mr. Hinchliff. Even after this lapse of years, we see him perfectly amongst us by the magic of his own personality."

EDITH AND J. W. HINCHLEY.

TO OUR

BROTHER-IN-LAW

WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF

We Indite this Tribute of Appreciation and Regard

He devoted his life to two great purposes. One was the building up of business interest which had been begun by our father. He brought to this work business acumen and vision and gained high recognition and esteem in the business world.

The other was devotion to his wife and family.

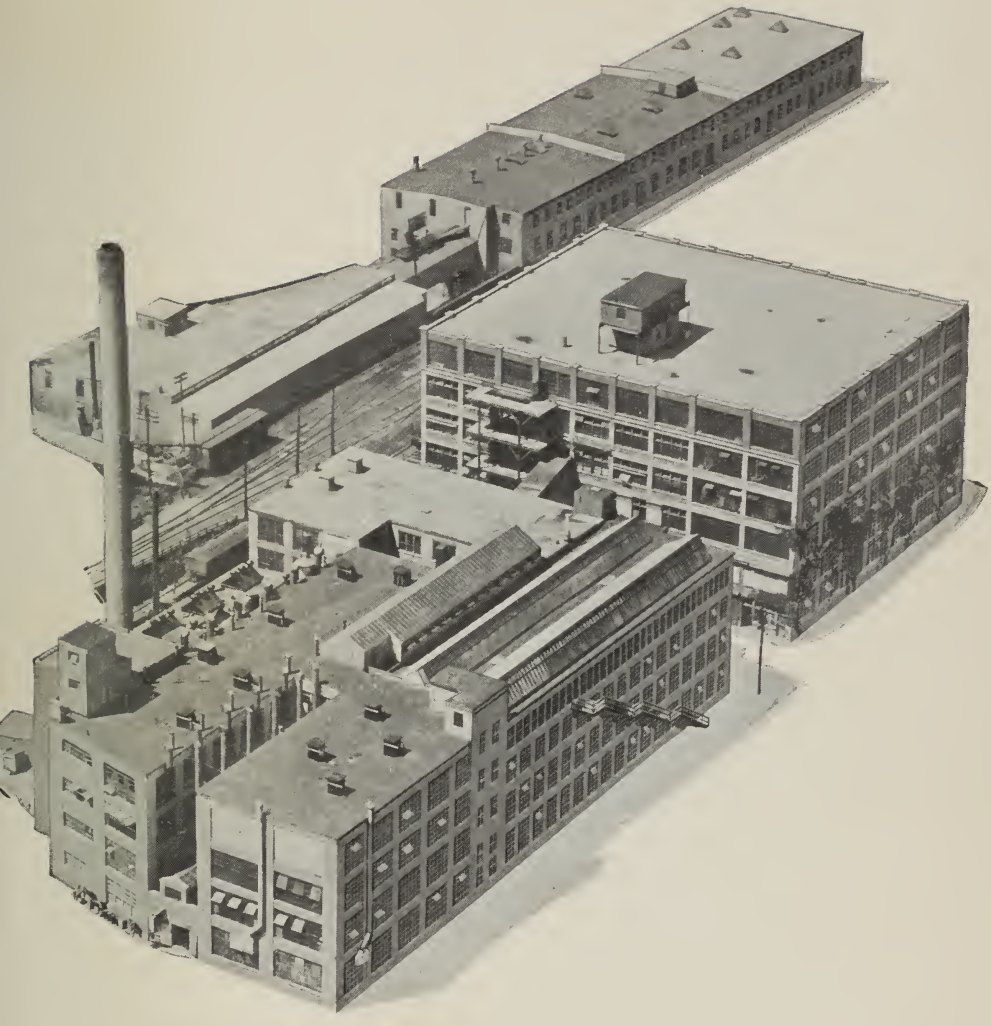
His companionship with our sister Harriet was marked by its constancy and devotion, and she gave him in return unwearying care and love. He was, as well, a wise father, and ever put the welfare of both his wife and children as the ultimate aim of his life.

This tribute would be incomplete did we not add an expression of our deep and lasting recognition of our personal loss, as we are missing from our family circle a brother-in-law whose relations to us were always marked with friendliness and kindness.

We hold our memory of him as one to be treasured.

"The dead are not dead, if in our lives we give them immortality; preserve the treasures they have won, and round out the circuit of their being to the fullness of an ample orbit."

ADALINE, MARY, BELLE AND DORA.



BURSON KNITTING COMPANY

A Monument to William E. Hinchliff

LETTERS

FROM CO-WORKERS

I can write with as much feeling about the men in the Burson Co. as representative men from it have written about Father. Father gave me the run of the "shop"—we always called it the "shop"—and I used to play around there days at a time. Al Buske used to magnetize my knife on the big dynamo; Charlie Anderson used to solder my glasses when I broke the frame; Old Man Trufant," as he was affectionately known, would let me use his miniature emery wheel; the stoker would let me throw in a shovel of coal; and never from any one of the hundreds of employees did I surprise an expression of anything but respect, and usually affectionate respect. It was a big happy family.

For the benefit of those outside of the family, Delos Prescott is now Secretary and Treasurer of the company, Sam Stites is Head of the Machine Shop, Bill Rank is Head Knitter, and F. H. Smiley has sold hundreds of thousands of dozen stockings and is still selling them. Courtney Keller was for over twenty years manager of the New York office and Father's right hand man on the sales. And Al Buske's letter speaks for itself as to what he was to Father; whether in the purchase and installation of a new engine, chain grates, or a water softener at the "shop," or in planning and executing a motor tour, he leaned on "Al," and "Al" never failed him. The letters follow:

January 31, 1927.

"We enjoy reading a description of a beautiful character more often exaggerated. I am thankful for the privilege of having known and been associated in business with William E. Hinchliff, a beautiful character that could not be exaggerated. I consider it a great blessing to live with his memory. Every trait of his character was uplifting and inspiring. He was an example of the highest type of manhood after which I shall always try to fashion myself.

"I met Mr. Hinchliff the first time in February, 1906, at Chicago at the Auditorium Hotel to discuss the position at Rockford which I later accepted. My impression of him was big and one seldom applied to a man even under different circumstances, but he proved in the years

associated with him to be even bigger. It seemed to me every act or word of his conversation at that first meeting appealed to me and from then on seemed to draw out the very best that was in me. I remember he spoke of Mrs. Hinchliff and Mrs. Emerson being with him, and his respect and esteem for them expressed so beautifully, impressed me.

"He was fair. In the early years of my employment I was working under a six year contract in which there was a clause that if the cost of living advanced during the life of the contract my compensation should be changed accordingly. After the expiration of one-half the contract I called Mr. Hinchliff's attention to this clause. He looked up to me with that ever-ready smile and said, 'I had forgotten about that clause and I wish you would help me out by working up some sort of statement showing just what you think the difference is in the cost of living today and when the contract was entered into.' He accepted my statement most cheerfully.

"Honesty and consideration for others were first in his very unusual makeup. His standing of character both in friendship and business made him a man deeply injured at heart when confronted with a misplaced confidence or a dishonorable business act. He suffered at heart but never with the thought of retaliation, but quite to the contrary. His real sympathy with those in trouble was wonderful. I recall a case of an employee who had committed forgery and when Mr. Hinchliff was told of the conditions in the home of this man, and the circumstances of his wife and two little children, his first thought was not of putting this man in states prison but his first thought, his only thought, was how he could help that mother and children.

"In all my years of association with Mr. Hinchliff in business, it seemed natural for him to consider others, and

do good in the small problems just the same as the large ones. He had a smile and greeting alike for every man and every woman in his employ, and was always ready to lend a helping hand whether in counsel or in finance. His sympathy for those in trouble was unlimited. I enjoy thinking the cases in which I knew him to display great consideration and kindness among the laborers in his employ, just as he might do toward those higher up. I am proud to relate his strength of character in one particular case of a laborer being injured in his employ: Mr. Hinchliff had provided him with Rockford's skillful physicians the same as he employed for himself or his family, but the laborer expressed a wish to consult a physician in a small town about thirty miles from Rockford. It seemed a pleasure to Mr. Hinchliff, not only in granting this wish most cheerfully, but Mr. and Mrs. Hinchliff took the laborer in their car to see the physician. He was a man who did good things for others,—not for show, but for the satisfaction he got out of it.

"His belief that the world was getting better; the confidence he had in others; a smile and good cheer for all; his strong character, are inspirations to everyone who knew him."

DELOS E. PRESCOTT.

December 30, 1926.

"As I look back over the 29 years with Burson Knitting Company I recall many happy experiences which would be impossible for me to enumerate here, however, I feel today that the reason I have remained with the Company is due to the fact that in my early relations I was impressed with the fairness and honest dealings of Mr. Wm. E. Hinchliff. One never had to give thought of his future welfare, as each man knew in his own heart that justice would be given for honest service whenever Mr. Hinch-

liff recognized his ability, and it will always remain a mystery to me to know what qualities he possessed that enabled him to see into each one's make-up the real value of the service rendered to the Company. Justice was the keynote to all his relations with employees and that was, in my estimation, the great factor that built Burson Knitting Company. Personally I recall many pleasant incidents, but just now the one I remember so distinctly is when referring to Mrs. Hinchliff he used to call her his 'First Wife.' Also I recall the many pleasant trips we used to take in the days before working people enjoyed the motor cars. Mr. Hinchliff was very considerate of his help and many times he would load his car with men and take them to Beloit, and many a time we ate together at the Hilton House, and it was always a great treat to see Mr. Hinchliff sit among the rest of his men and act as one of them and it was a great joy to him to set up the high-balls after a good meal."

S. T. Stites.

Rockford, Illinois.

December 29, 1926.

"I will soon round out twenty-eight years of continuous service with the Burson Knitting Company. Most of this time the company was under the management of Mr. Wm. E. Hinchliff. We soon learned to know him as a man of his word, always considerate in all his dealings, and personally I will never forget the many acts of kindness extended to me both in and out of the company."

Wm. H. Rank.

January 6, 1927.

"I consider it one of the greatest privileges of my life that I have known Mr. W. E. Hinchliff and have been

honored with his friendship. It was always a pleasure to learn that he wished to see me, never a feeling of apprehension so often felt when summoned by the chief. Kindly, courteous, considerate—just about the truest gentleman I have ever known.

"Once a threatening letter came from an important customer. The customer was only anticipating possible grounds for complaint and Burson Knitting Company was in no way at fault. The letter was discourteous and rude, yet Mr. Hinchliff's only expression of hurt indignation when reminded of the volume of the customer's business was *'I don't care a rap.'* He would always give full consideration to a customer's views, but would stand fast by what he thought was right.

"Loyalty and faithfulness would be more outstanding were there more heads of big businesses so kindly and courteous as Mr. Hinchliff."

Sincerely yours,

F. H. SMILEY.

January 2, 1927.

"It is a pleasure to comply with your request inasmuch as it is not difficult to recall the pleasant association with Wm. E. Hinchliff for many years. I joined the Burson Knitting Co. under the leadership of Wm. E. Hinchliff September 5, 1905, making my headquarters at 350 Broadway, New York City. It was necessary for me to make frequent visits to Rockford for the purpose of discussing sales and other problems of the company with him, and, although called to Rockford on business, Mr. Hinchliff always planned a pleasure trip during my stay, together with other faithful workers of the company, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all and will ever linger in my memory.

"I am quite sure the Burson Company enjoyed its most prosperous years to date under his direction and the many letters received from him expressing his warm appreciation of my efforts is most gratifying to me, especially because of the continual growth of the business up to the time when he was called away.

"I know his death not only brought sadness to his immediate family but also to many others who had been associated with him. I am sure it did to me."

Sincerely yours,

C. COURTNEY KELLER.

Rockford, Illinois.

May 22, 1927.

"Dear Mrs. Hinchliff:

"It is almost impossible to express in writing or by word of mouth my feeling for Mr. Hinchliff. The years that it was my privilege to come in contact with him were one round of pleasure and benefit, and I sometimes feel that it is too sacred to mention, and besides I doubt whether anyone, even yourself, could appreciate my love and respect for him.

"Every trip I take in this vicinity recalls some instance of former auto trips, especially in the White Steamer when the roads in some cases were mere trails. You remember how he enjoyed taking a strange road and then wonder where we would eventually land. How often would he and I take turns and have the right to say 'go straight ahead,' 'turn left at next corner,' or 'turn right.' I can remember one trip to Beloit on a Sunday afternoon. We turned right off from the North Second Street road and then left and right at different turns and found it necessary to ford two small creeks before we found our way out.

I wonder if anyone else enjoyed these trips the same as we did? How I wish he could have had the pleasure of the fine roads today!

"In all our trips together over rough roads, through rain and even snow and other extreme conditions, he never even once had a word of criticism to make and neither did you. Then you remember how hot the White Steamer was on a hot day, and how sometimes it would whistle and, occasionally, the safety valve would blow off—and all taken as a matter of course.

"How he enjoyed taking a car full of men from the mill and having dinner at Beloit, Oregon, Dixon, Coral Inn, Freeport, Janesville, and many other places. It wasn't a selfish motive that prompted him to do these things. It was because he desired to give pleasure to others.

"One morning shortly after you purchased your first Packard car Mr. Hinchliff walked into the engine room and told me that he would consider it a favor if I would accept the White Steamer. Even though I was drawing a good salary I was under considerable expense at that time, due to sickness in our family, and could not see my way clear to stand the running expense. Mr. Hinchliff said 'Well, Albert, you take the car and I will raise your salary $25.00 per month.' That speaks for itself. I kept the car for about one year and sold it and bought a gold watch (which I will always use) and a fine dresser for my room.

"You surely remember our first trip East in the Pierce Arrow, I had never driven a gas car, but the confidence he placed in me forced me to drive, even in Boston. Of course, it would amount to nothing today but this happened from 12 to 15 years ago. And then that wonderful drive along the coast of Maine and through the White Mountains. It surely was a wonderful experience for me.

What a pleasure it was to be with him at Amherst, apparently his first visit in 40 years. I could continue for hours along these lines.

"And again our trip in June, 1917, in the Packard. You remember Mr. Hinchliff and I drove to Buffalo and met you there. How well I remember your saying at that time you would spend any amount to make the trip pleasant for him. I know he enjoyed the entire trip down through Chatham Bars to the end of the Cape. I remember boosting Emerson up to the very top of a tower there. Then our return trip as far as Colebrook—such a fine, quiet, and picturesque place.

"Mr. Hinchliff to me stands out above all men, not because he was my employer or due to the fact that he was responsible for many of my pleasures, but because he was a real human man, and the door of his home, office and heart was always open.

"Last but not least, he did not hesitate to lend me the requested amount when we started in business. I have his picture framed and hanging in our office and when a problem presents itself and I am doubtful how to act, I always think, what would Mr. Hinchliff have done.

"The memory of him can never be taken from me."

Sincerely yours,

AL. BUSKE.

"It is hard indeed at this time to put into adequate words the thoughts I have regarding Mr. Hinchliff with whom I was associated so closely for so many years. From the time I arrived home from college in June of 1906, at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, and started my many years of work with him at 8:00 o'clock the same morning, I found him always the same thoughtful and kind business leader.

"I am very glad to have this opportunity to try and express my admiration for his many fine traits of character

—his splendid loyalty to his friends, his family and his business; his high ideal of integrity; and his business ability, more powerful because of his friendly and kindly encouragement to those about him.

"I join the many in mourning his loss and in offering my sincere sympathy to those members of his family who will also miss him."

NORMAN F. THOMPSON, JR.

"It is a great deal of pleasure for me to recall the many pleasant years of association with Mr. W. E. Hinchliff under his direction. There always will be a lasting impresssion of his enjoyment in giving others pleasure, such as our occasional automobile trips and dinners at various places surrounding Rockford. In the days when an auto trip was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure, the writer was fortunate enough to be included in many of these pleasure jaunts to nearby cities on Saturday afternoons. These parties were not only heads of Departments but often included those from the rank and file of the force as well, and everyone was always made to feel at ease no matter where they were, while his guests.

"I had occasion to go to Mr. Hinchliff a number of times for advice on personal matters, and he always took a great deal of interest in helping any one who was in need of mature judgment and advice, which he was very capable of giving, and I always found his suggestions were the best to follow in every instance.

"In his business dealings with others, in which the writer was often called into conference, I do not remember that he ever took advantage of any party's unfortunate position.

"His motto was always: 'Live and let live.'"

WM. S. PARKER.

The daughter of one of Father's oldest friends, Helen Walton, for many years was an important part of the Burson office, and she writes pleasantly of it:

"It is hard for me to write you anything from the viewpoint of an employee for I always considered Mr. Hinchliff a friend rather than employer, and perhaps did not for that reason, have a wholesome awe for the 'boss.' At any rate if there were any special favors to be requested, it usually fell to my lot to ask for them. Back in the days when the Burson office force was considerably smaller than at present and the office run much more informally, we went nutting. I now wonder how anyone dared suggest such a thing, but toward the end of the month when the work was caught up and the day just right—we would beg the afternoon and Mr. H., being a good sport, would fall in with the idea. Mr. Thompson usually provided the transportation and off we went. I do not remember whether or not we got any nuts, but I think a feeling of friendliness and goodwill was established that we never forgot. This is only a slight incident but to me shows Mr. Hinchliff's sense of humor, sympathy and kindly consideration felt by all who worked with him."

Sincerely,

HELEN A. WALTON.

LETTERS

FROM PERSONAL AND BUSINESS FRIENDS

What a few representative men in the yarn business have to say about Father is shown in the following extracts. I am sorry to record that we just learned down here through a textile trade paper of the death of Mr. Wood. He was like Father in a great many ways and our whole family loved him.

"It is sad for me to think I am not going to see your father again. I knew him for thirty years and from the very first I regarded him as my friend and our relations were most cordial to the end. I feel I have lost a very near friend and I shall miss him greatly. In all the years I have visited Rockford, I never failed to receive a splendid reception from him. He was a man of the highest order and I shall always think of the privilege I have had in knowing him so well.

"I wish you would tender your Mother and all the family my deepest sympathy. With kind regards."

Sincerely yours,

OSCAR W. WOOD.

"He and I were on two shooting trips and became very close friends and I always thought him the finest of sports."

JAMES A. HOLT.

"Ralph, among all the men whom I have had the good fortune of knowing there was no one whom I enjoyed calling on as much as I did your Father, as he was most kind and considerate of me. Hence you can realize how happy I am in the thought that he numbered me as one of his close friends which was truly reciprocated."

CLARENCE M. PUHLMAN.

"It is with very sincere regret that word has just reached us of the death of your Mr. Hinchliff, and for our company as well as for myself personally, I want to ex-

press to you our appreciation of his sterling qualities and our grief at his death."

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM WHITMAN COMPANY, INC.

By A. T. Braller, President.

"My Dear Mrs. Hinchliff and Family:

"Was terribly shocked to receive Rockford newspaper announcing the passing of my dear old friend Mr. Hinchliff. Although we had not seen much of each other for the past few years, I feel that his passing is a very sad blow to Mrs. Rau and myself, and I can readily understand how hard it must be for all of you. We must all of us try to cheer ourselves by the beautiful memory bequeathed to us and all who knew him, by such a truly fine man of such sterling character and wonderful personality. 'He builded better than he knew' can so truly be said of him, as the friendships left by him must be legion."

ALBERT RAU.

A few weeks after he wrote the following letter "Young Tom Tuley," as Father used affectionately to call him, was suddenly stricken himself, so it is with a great deal of feeling that we prepare his letter for printing:

"My acquaintance with Mr. W. E. Hinchliff began in 1904 when, as a young cub embarking on my first trip as a salesman, it was he that gave me my first contract. How well I remember that day. It is as vivid in my mind as though it occurred on yesterday. I boldy walked up to the entrance of the Burson Knitting Company's office, which was then located in the old brick building, but suddenly contracted a case of nerves, just like a thoroughbred in facing the barriers the first time,—my knees shaking,—so I decided to walk around the block and steady down. I was not required to cool my heels in the vestibule

but was shown in and welcomed by Mr. W. E. Hinchliff in such a manner I shall never forget. He made me feel so much at home and lightened my burden so that instead of performing what I feared would be a task, our interview turned into friendly visit and from that moment until his untimely taking away, we were the warmest of friends.

"It was more than friendship, for, as time passed we grew closer to each other, and while he always discussed and conferred with me as though we were the same age, nevertheless, I respected him, looked up to him, and regarded him as a second father, for only a short few years before I had lost mine.

"For counsel and advice, I would never hestitate to look to him, and I felt that to emulate his high ideals, his matchless integrity, his uniform kindness and courtesy was my chief aim and ambition. Our wonderful trip to Panama in February, 1913, (which after many unsuccessful efforts to induce him to take, I finally, with the cooperation of his good wife,—won him over) is one of the brightest spots of my life. Thrown close together with never a thought of business by either, that friendship was cemented if possible, even tighter, and enjoyment to the fullest extent was had by all.

"Later, when his health began to fail somewhat, to be the means of brightening his days was a source of genuine pleasure to me. I took it as a privilege to join him and Mrs. Hinchliff for a week or two at French Lick, where I could be of some help towards keeping his active mind diverted. I recall back in 1907 or 1908 when yarns were exceedingly scarce and when it was not so much a question of price, but to get deliveries, that Mr. Hinchliff wrote me stating that they appreciated the fact that while we were giving him all that we had contracted for he would like

to have more if possible. The price at that time was 10 to 15c above his contract and we had a surplus which we were selling at a profit, but in spite of this we acceded to his request and gave him more and satisfied his urgent need at the time. It turned out that we were the only mill that did so, several others turning him down cold. I did not do this with any idea of ever bringing this up in the future,—I knew it was not necessary. When contracting time rolled around again, Mr. Hinchliff offered to take our entire year's output and not at competitive prices, but as such figures as I would name. He knew he could trust me, as I could him. This kind and generous offer was not accepted, but instead the usual amount he had been in the habit of contracting for.

"On quite a few occasions I paid off loans at our local banks in order to take some of the idle funds he and the members of his family wanted to invest. This confidence in me and my concern which was reposed on account of our personal contact (because he was not acquainted with anyone else connected with our company) was most comforting and I was only too glad to help him out in this way.

"He discussed with me on several occasions the feasibility of our exchanging some of the shares of stock in our companies with each other, so we could be drawn that much closer together and our interests become more mutual. This was never done, but it shows how he felt. Naturally I was deeply moved and that much more grateful for having such a true, loyal and faithful friend.

"His likeness hangs right by my desk and I prize it most highly and look upon the face of that kind, Christian gentleman as an inspiration in my daily grind to achieve higher things."

THOMAS L. TULEY.

Louisville Cotton Mills Co., Inc.

Any textile man knows the great Chicago jobbing House of Carson Pirie Scott & Co., and there is not a hosiery man in the country who does not know or know of Fred Crawford. I have not met Mr. Kieft, but from reading his letter I am sure I would like him:

"You know that before your father was taken ill, he and I became exceptionally good friends and I always enjoyed his visits, and when he stopped coming, there was a blank space."

F. D. CRAWFORD.

"Dear Ralph:

"Complying with your wishes of recent date in reference to reminiscenses of your Father, I will say that during the many years while connected with The J. V. Farwell Company assisting Mr. Strachan in the buying of hosiery, I have met many types of men. Some just the ordinary every day type, others the kind that would make one happy when the business transaction was over and they would leave the department. Then again there were a few that made a lasting impression, men whose integrity was never in doubt; who did business in a sound above board business like way. The kind of men we were always happy to meet.

"Mr. Wm. E. Hinchliff was one of the few whom we always received with a warm welcome as though he were a member of the family. A man in whom we had implicit confidence always feeling that any business dealings with him were made strictly on the 'Golden Rule' policy."

Sincerely yours,

JOHN KIEFT.

" 'Crans' Baldwin worked with Father years ago when Curtis & Warren were selling agents for Burson Hose. Later he was one of my partners in the Muller Export Co. and I remember how feelingly he used to talk of Father.

"Your father is one of my earliest recollections in my business life. He was always extremely nice to me, even as a youngster just breaking into business, and I feel a very real sense of personal loss in his death.

"Will you give your Mother my warm love? I have never seen such true and unselfish devotion in my live, as she gave your Father on that South American trip, and I know how great the gap in her life is, that you children will have to fill."

A. ROSECRANS BALDWIN.

What bankers think of a man is usually worth listening to. Three of them are represented here, two old neighbors in Rockford, and one from Chicago, an internationally known man and former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce:

"My dear Mrs. Hinchliff:

"For over three years prior to 1911 the Union Trust Company had been in constant correspondence with Mr. W. E. Hinchliff, seeking to interest him in establishing an account for the Burson Knitting Company and after these years came suddenly one day an initial deposit of $3,033.63, which has steadily increased during all of the years between.

"Neither during his life nor since has there been an account on the books of the bank that gave us more satisfaction and less trouble. It is true, we have had occasion from time to time to make the resources of the bank available for the special operations of the business, but Mr. Hinchliff always used these resources very sparingly and in the main had a disposition to carry on his business upon resources developed within the enterprise itself, rather

than with dependence upon any outside source. This was one of the evidences of his great strength, independence, and clear business judgment.

"The business grew with rapidity. It was always a delight for us to have the opportunity of discussing general business conditions with Mr. Hinchliff and it was always a matter of great pride with him to tell us of the progress that was being made, of the manner in which every opportunity was grasp for strengthening the foundations of his company, and of his unbounded enthusiasm for the future of the business he spent so many years in developing.

"Through all the years that we were associated with him, we found great evidence of a gentleman of the highest integrity, keenest business insight, and unbounded enthusiasm for the work in which he was engaged. In addition to that we know he was a good citizen and that living after him, extending out into the unnumbered years will be the influence of his life and of his business practices."

Very sincerely yours,

H. A. WHEELER,

President Union Trust Co., Chicago.

"William E. Hinchliff I knew for a number of years, from the time he came to Rockford until his death. He was a man of the highest character and standing, devoted to his duties in every way; a man of rare business ability, who never tried to pose in any way as a great business man, he simply was devoted to his business and his family, and acted with judgment and decision when the proper time came.

"A word from him was just as good and reliable as his bond, and he was known as such a man to this entire community. He always gave attention to his civic duties in Rockford, and could always be depended upon when

required. The young men of this community could well take an example of life as followed by William E. Hinchliff as a pattern to look up to and follow."

Very respectfully yours,

CHANDLER STARR,

First Vice-Pres. Rockford Nat'l Bank.

"My dear Mrs. Hinchliff:

"As the years roll by the memories of old friends and friendships come to us in stirring appeal.

"When your good husband was struggling with the cares and stress of lean years with the Burson Knitting Company, about this time of the year he used to send me a copy of his yearly statement. Although not a customer of the Forest City National Bank, our acquaintance seems to have ripened into a friendship that broadened as the years passed by, and when the fruitage of his labor put the Burson Company on the top shelf of prosperous concerns, it was with much pleasure that I congratulated him.

"It was always a sad thought to me that I could not prevail upon him to work less and play more, believing that in so doing he would have been with us many years longer.

"I trust that this holiday season finds you and the members of your good family in the possession of good health. May you all have a New Year of joy, health, and prosperity."

Truly your friend,

J. D. WATERMAN.

Chairman Forest City Nat'l Bank.

It was through Fred Walters, the writer of the following letter, that Ralph got the chance to enter the rail mill at Gary:

"Your letter of December 29th received and it gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to have the honor of having known your Father, Mr. Wm. E. Hinchliff, and enjoyed his friendship for about twenty years.

"During the early days of my career in the sales, after I had finished prior to entering the sales in the manufacture of steel products, it gave me a great foundation on which to help your Father develop the knitting machine to the standard on which it is today.

"I shall never forget his words of friendship and comfort during the dark days of my career in the steel business. His advice was always good and sound and his judgment I always found excellent. I know that his great ambition was to have his sons take up the reins of business where he laid them down and go on with the success which he had started. I shall always have a great satisfaction in having been associated with your Father during his business career.

"With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

F. W. WALTERS,

(Vice-Pres. Steel Sales Corp.)

Mr. Wall's letter was addressed to Ralph on January 13, 1919, but is not out of place neverthleless:

January 13th, 1919.

"Dear Sir:

"I have your letter expressing the appreciation of your father for the little remembrance that I thought might

please him on Christmas, knowing that he is confined to the house and did enjoy a smoke now and then. You may accept with perfect sincerity, the statement in your letter advising me that your father was somewhat improved, was the most pleasing information that I had received in the most pleasant Christmas that I have ever experienced. It may seem strange that the comparatively little association that I have had with your father would warrant such an interest, but I am compelled by my conscience to say, that out of a life of forty-four years, thirty-two of which have been spent in a most strenuous battle for something better than a mere existence, with nothing but good health and the faculty of observation well developed as assets, one is schooled to the appreciation by instinct of those who are worth while and are controlled by an intuition which makes few mistakes. It is by this process that I have come to have the highest regard for your father, and his honesty, and fair dealing, straight-forward manliness has appealed to my nature and attached me closely to him in an interest which he has never known; so you may be sure that the report of his health improving is exactly what I say, "an extremely pleasing piece of news." Will you kindly convey to him my highest personal regards and trust that this year may restore him at least to a degree of good health that he may live and be a pleasure to those who know him, for many years."

Respectfully yours,

WM. J. WALL.

Robert Lathrop and William Walton shared many of Father's leisure moments, on the golf links and in the hunting field. They speak of him as follows:

"We rode horseback together—we played golf—Will Hinchliff was young until taken sick. A good sport—a gentleman—an honest man. He loved a good story and

could see a joke as far ahead as any one I ever knew. Another side to Will Hinchliff,—I well recall once when an employee of the Burson Company was unjustly sued, and Will said to me 'I want you to go and lick those fellows who are pursuing this man. I care not what it costs and I am going to pay you; all I want is to teach those fellows a lesson.' Of course, he had no particular reason for such course of action except that he hated to see an unfortunate person abused. It was just an illustration of his idea of fairness."

ROBERT LATHROP.

"I have read your son Ralph's letter to you, and I heartily agree with all he said and I can only add my testimony as to the sterling worth of your husband and a good true friend of mine. I have missed him greatly and I always enjoyed his company to the last."

WM. WALTON.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

New England speaks with a Coolidge tang, through our excellent friend, Mr. White:

Colebrook, Conn.

"My dear Mrs. Hinchliff:

"For years I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hinchliff and for seven years acted as caretaker of his Connecticut summer home. I knew him as a man knows a man when he works for him year after year. I consider those years among my rarest and the memory of him I will always hold in the highest esteem."

HORACE WHITE.

To show the wide range of his contacts, a few brief extracts from letters, mostly written in 1921, are grouped here. Frederick Arnd was an Amherst fraternity brother and Best Man at the wedding. Mrs. Scott, daughter of deacon Pierson of the First Congregational Church, was a Chicago Neighbor. Adaline Wheeler is a niece on Mother's side. Clara Emerson is one of Mother's cousins. Mrs. Buckbee used to live a block from us and her two daughters were among Clemwell's best friends. Mrs. Buese helped Mother take care of us when we were a flock of infants.

"I wish to thank you for the paper which recently came. That was a splendid account of Will who is deserving of even greater eulogy. Although we did not see much or anything of each other for several years never-the-less our friendship and his sterling qualities are one of my most cherished memories."

FREDERICK ARND.

"How well I remember his parents and the early associations in the Old First Church. My father respected Mr. Hinchliff very much. His father built our home in which we lived for twenty-six years, out of bricks your husband made in Porter, Ind.—no such bricks are made now-a-days!"

HELEN G. SCOTT.

"There is so little that I can say but my sympathy for you all is all the greater. I have always admired Uncle Will and his quiet manner and good humor. It is not alone a personal loss but one which leaves Rockford much the poorer."

ADALINE EMERSON WHEELER.

"As to my impressions, Mr. Hinchliff impressed me by his generosity and his cordiality. He certainly was most kind to me as you well know. So natural he was, too, with his twinkling smile. He made one feel welcome. His being at home always added to the pleasure—great enough even without it—of my many visits in the happy home. The way you all took me into the family circle as one of you is a joy to look back upon; and it was such a loving, kind, merry circle to be in—well governed, yet so gentle. And I remember you giving every minute of your life to people, piling children and guests into the carriage to go to the fair, stopping on the way home to see somebody who needed your help, children meanwhile climbing along the thills upon the horse's back—all safe, all free, getting exercise quite superior to sitting proper in a limousine like the children in 'Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind.' And I felt that Mr. Hinchliff was quite in harmony with the life, free in nonessentials, strict in matters of right and wrong."

CLARA E. EMERSON.

"After my first glance at the paper, the first thought was while the community at large had lost such a splendid, noble life from its midst, yet how very thankful we must be to think that he had lived amongst us and we have been the richer for having known such a man, honored and respected by all."

FLORENCE DAY BUCKBEE.

"I shall always remember the many kind things he did for me and be proud to have the honor of having known him.

"I am thankful for the visit I enjoyed in your home in January of 1917. I hoped and believed at that time that Mr. Hinchliff might still enjoy many years of life comfortably, but he accomplished in his life more than do most men who have so many more years in which to do their life work and that, after all, is what counts, I believe.

"It has always seemed marvelous to me how Mr. Hinchliff built the Burson Knitting Co. I remember so well how tirelessly he worked in the early days of its existence. No one could doubt but that it was bound to succeed with his splendid brain and energy back of it."

MARY REIDMYER BUESE.

I can't resist quoting a sweet letter to Mother from a lifelong friend, High School classmate of Belle's and mine, Helen Horner Brabrook. She is the kind of girl who appreciates a Christmas card from a friend as much as others would appreciate a thousand dollars, and I know how father regarded her and liked to have her on our parties.

"Through a letter from home we have just learned of Mr. Hinchliff's death, and we wish to express our deep sympathy to you all, especially to you who must feel his absence most keenly after these years of constant companionship.

"We shall never forget your great kindness to us. I often wish we might in some way show you our appreciation. Mother says, while an opportunity to return kindness to those who have been so good to us may not always come directly, that we can always pass it on to others who may need it now. So I would like to have you

feel that anything that we may be able to do for others is because of you and Mr. Hinchliff."

HELEN HORNER BRABROOK.

Cousin Mary Wright was an own cousin of Mother's Mother and was on Father's last automobile drive the afternoon he died:

"I first met Mr. Hinchliff in 1911 when he and Harriet came to Southern Illinois for a little outing; he to hunt quail in the Mississippi Bottoms, and she to visit me.

"I always found him a kindly gentleman meeting one half-way in all social and business relations.

"The latter years of his life were shadowed by loss of hearing yet his happy sense of humor, love of books, and adaptability to circumstances carried him through many hours which must otherwise have been silent and lonely, and gave me a courage to face the same disability as bravely and smilingly as he. I shall always remember him with sincere respect and love."

MARY T. WRIGHT.

Miss Kline used to help Father through her lips and Mrs. Hodge through her fingers. The former was a lip-reading instructor; the latter has marvelously expert fingers and hands which she uses in working wonders for her osteopathic patients.

"It was a grief to me when I read of his passing in the paper for, perhaps more than you realized, I grew to enjoy those lessons with Mr. Hinchliff, and the thoughts he would often put in himself during the course of the lesson. They were always to the point. And I can see him yet, sitting in his chair and looking up with that smile on his face when I would come up, even though I often interrupted something interesting he was reading."

LOUISE T. KLINE.

"I, for one, received much benefit from knowing Mr. Hinchliff in going into his home nearly every day for years, in working for him, I found him to be what I would call—a real man. He was a creative center from which he gave to all who came in contact with him, good thoughts, ideals, and made you feel that life was worth living, fair, right and above board."

MINNIE HODGE.

This booklet would not be complete without a word from Cousin Norma Thompson. For years Mother's secretary, she had plenty of opportunity to observe Father:

"I wish I could make my recollections of Mr. Hinchliff as vivid to others as they are to me.

"One of the earliest that I have of him was when Harriet was a tiny child, that he used to call her 'Little Lovely' and you felt that the pet name came from his heart.

" I remember his consideration for the people with whom he was—of which many little instances might be mentioned, and the sum of all the *littles* makes a *large* memory for his friends.

"Having been with you so much during the years of Mr. Hinchliff's weakness and when his deafness had increased, I know well how often his glance went around the table for some one to recognize with him the little jokes of daily life, and the response and appreciation kept him quite wonderfully in touch with the rest, for he never lost his keen sense of humor.

"Even on the last afternoon drive when he was with us, I recall that he referred most pleasantly to some little occurrence and that he gave us an occasion for smiles.

"It is certainly the way his memory comes to me and I am glad to be numbered among his friends."

NORMA CORNELIA THOMPSON.

A fitting close for these letters is the last one received, sent by Mother's classmates during their reunion, June 1927, forty-five years after they were graduated from Wellesley.

Hyannis, Cape Cod.

"Our dear Harriet:

"Your classmates of the class of '82, at Wellesley College, gathered for their reunion, are moved to express to you their appreciation of the sterling qualities of Mr. Hinchliff's character. Many of us who enjoyed his kind hospitality were impressed by his knowledge of the questions of the day, his breadth of view, and his well considered opinions.

"We also noted his kindliness and his sense of humor, and can readily believe the many tributes of his business associates to his uprightness and his keen sense of justice.

"Mr. Hinchliff always manifested his interest in the class and the college by his co-operation with you in all that you did for '82 and for Wellesley.

"Your marriage, so soon after our years together, gave the class of '82 for many years a loyal brother. The fact that he was the father of our class daughter, who has distinguished herself in many ways at Wellesley and elsewhere, greatly strengthened the bond between us."

Very affectionately,

YOUR CLASSMATES.

DR. GORDON'S ADDRESS

"We have gathered in this home this afternoon as neighbors and friends to honor the memory of a man who led a true, helpful Christian life. Mr. Hinchliff justified the right to live the life God gave him and he made splendid use of the talents entrusted to him.

"I have known Mr. Hinchliff for a little over eight years, and he was a man of the highest and noblest ideals in life, and a man who worked out those ideals and expressed them in his conduct. He had high standards regarding business and the place of a man in the business world, and he lived up to those ideals and those standards. He was a man who had ideals regarding his own home, and how he manifested them and what a pattern he was to the rest of us! A man who had ideals regarding his own personal character and life and those ideals expressed themselves in everything that he did. He was a man of strong convictions and sturdy purposes. I would say that he was rather modest and retiring in his life, but he had those well grounded principles that you could not change, and, when he believed that a thing was right, he camped there and you could not disturb him; no fraud nor pretense, but absolutely genuine and sturdy in his convictions of life.

"Mr. Hinchliff was a man of tender sympathies, of gentle ways. His sympathies were swift to offer of his resources. The troubles and problems of others were his, and you felt that when you came into his presence that you were in the presence of a strong and sympathetic nature. He was always anxious to do for the men who worked for him. He seemed to enter into their needs and problems and plan for their welfare. And may I refer just here to a little personal matter in that connection? It had long been his dream to present some little emblem to the em-

ployees who had been with him for a long time. A pin was secured; a gold pin with a gold star representing each five years of service, and he had hoped that he might give these himself. He was not able to and the first pin was placed upon his breast today by his wife, and some of them were presented to the bearers, men who have been in his employ from fifteen to twenty-five years. And that beautiful emblem has embodied the symbol of that pin and I would like that every man might have the chance here today to see that beautiful floral emblem, just one more evidence of his desire to serve and help those about him.

"Mr. Hinchliff's religion was a religion of usefulness. He joined the church in Chicago that his father built, and he never joined another, but he was a man whose religion was not confined to any church or any creed or any ceremony. It was a religion that we term 'enlargement of Life and fullness of service.' He was a man reverent and most devout.

"No word today would be complete without reference to his home life, and perhaps here I am treading on ground too sacred to be touched, but, oh, he loved his children and his grandchildren. His home seemed to be his kingdom, and what a splendid service was rendered during the last few years in this home; and we can but feel today what a comfort it must be to his companion to feel that she did everything she could. Many of us have watched the last year, as Mr. Hinchliff's body grew weak, the tender care that was given by his companion; and what a comfort it must be to feel that everything that was possible was done.

"We are laying away today a man who was true in his home; a man who was honest and faithful in all his relations with his fellowmen; a man who measured up to the highest and best; and I can almost hear his Maker say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' "

March 3, 1921.

Mr. Ralph Hinchliff,

Rockford, Illinois.

Dear Ralph:—

On behalf of your fellow members of the Rockford Rotary Club, the Directors wish to send you, your mother and family a message of deepest sympathy on the passing of your father.

Mr. William E. Hinchliff has long held a prominent place in the industrial and social affairs of this community and in the affections of a large circle of friends. Largely thru his energy and ability, one of the soundest and best of Rockford's industries has been developed. He has been a man who has quickly and heartily responded to every call of a public and charitable nature. The death of your father leaves a place in this community that it will be hard indeed to fill. We sincerely mourn his memory.

ROCKFORD ROTARY CLUB.

By order Board of Directors.

Carson H. Porter, Sec'y.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE BURSON KNITTING COMPANY ON THE DEATH OF ITS PRESIDENT WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF ON FEBRUARY 19th

WHEREAS, William E. Hinchliff, who has been a member of this Company since its organization, has been called to eternal rest by the Divine hand of God; and

WHEREAS, We are profoundly grateful for the years of close business association which we have had with him, during which time we were ever conscious of his earnest interest and unfailing devotion to the Company; and

WHEREAS, We deeply mourn his loss; Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That this Company through its Board of Directors, desiring to express its sorrow at the loss of its able and loyal President, hereby tenders its sincere sympathy to his family in their sad bereavement; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon its records and that a copy suitable engrossed be presented to his family.

A GUIDING MESSAGE FROM GRANDFATHER

BE temperate, tender, determined, forbearing, considerate, steadfast, guarding the life of the spirit, both of yourself and of those about you, that your light may shine after you have passed from this mortal ken, even as these letters show that his is doing. And to you, his descendants, an especial plea is to "carry on" not only for his sake, but more than all in order that the spark of the greater life that is now in your earthly bodies may be passed on to your descendants, or your associates with richer brilliancy because of the radiant effect of his life.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
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A MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM E. HINCHLIFF.
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